



















View from Bridge

*Enchantment, soft, mysterious, sweet,  
Look up at the palace walls!  
Look up at the carvings that ever meet  
In graceful arches—*

—'TIS A SOFT VENETIAN SONG.





THE VARIED GRACE  
OF  
NATURE'S FACE.

---

BY

FLORIDA E. WATTS.



AUTHOR'S EDITION.



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## DAISIES.



IN the waving green grass  
On the top of the hill,  
Where soft winds murmur  
And never are still,  
Golden-eyed daisies  
Rear their white crowns,  
Graceful and dainty,  
Far from the towns.

A feeling of happiness  
Steals o'er my mind  
When, in the waving grass,  
Daisies I find.

Many sweet memories  
Round your stems cling,  
Of words, thoughts and day-dreams,  
Of old songs you sing.





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## PREFACE



WHAT is my work? I do not toil;  
The great world's workshop ne'er have known;  
Free from trouble, from care, turmoil,  
My life is all my own.

What shall I do with the precious gift?  
I must write it, clear and fair,  
In Time's thick day-book. I must uplift  
My life, that it shames not there  
Great names of the Past and Present time.

Would I dare to write it down,  
Covered with blots, and scratches, and grime,  
To add a scowl or a frown  
To that spotless book? I will try and try,  
If some day my name I may write  
In the book of thoughts before I die.

Then my life will add to the light  
Of the ages. If not; if it be not writ  
In that fair book, I will add  
No good to the world, no help; not one bit  
To man's good. What life more sad!



There's a page for me all fresh and white.  
Take care! The mind must be clean,  
The heart be true and the eyes be bright,  
To preserve its glistening sheen.  
Each word that I shape must be clear,  
Each thought that I shape be good,  
Each friendship I make sincere,  
If I add to the page as I should.  
Oh that I might to the world  
Give one thought—one lasting line!  
Something upon the flag, unfurled  
To the gaze of the coming—a sign,  
To show to those, who seem not to see  
The beautiful all around,  
The glory of every-day sights; to free  
One song of one sad sound;  
To add a little—one word, one thought.  
What an honor, a glory, to wear  
On one's written name one deed, that naught  
Could erase from its presence there!

# THE VARIED GRACE OF NATURE'S FACE.



## THE PEARL AND THE SHELL.

Out of the sky came a sea-shell,  
Pink at its narrow base,  
On distant, faint wings paling  
To films of snowy lace.

A pearl in its heart lay glowing;  
It shone all silvery white  
In the depths of the curving sea-shell,  
A disk of purest light.

Then all but the jewel vanished,  
Dissolving, dispersing soon;  
For the shell was a cloud at sunset,  
The pearl is the shining moon.

## THE VOICE OF NATURE.

How clear upon the quiet evening air  
Fall sounds of Nature's children from above,  
On leafy boughs, or o'er the white fields fair,  
Where speak all living things of Nature's love.

The wild birds twitter in the green lace-work  
That holds all life within its meshes soft ;  
Here squirrels chatter, there the insects lurk ;  
Now all is silent. Then, from up aloft,

There comes a concert, blending in a song  
From strong, untutored throats. 'Tis Nature's cry,  
More glad, more sad than all those that belong  
To truer songsters, though I know not why.

For has a bird a thought—a soul? Ah no !  
'Tis Nature singing in each little throat,  
And as we nearer to true Nature go  
More thrilling is the song, more true the note

To move our hearts ; to give to us the peace  
That steals down gently as the lengthening rays  
Shoot o'er the grass when noisy labors cease,  
And all the restfulness of summer days :

The fields, the flowers, the trees that soft lights find,  
The waving branch, the slender quivering blade  
Of grass, imprint upon the influenced mind  
A glory that will never pale nor fade.

## R O M E .

I HAVE seen thee, ancient Rome,  
Walked on stones that Cæsar trod  
Down the Forum's paved expanse,  
Every temple to a god!  
In the midst a column rises  
Bearing Phocas' name and life,  
On the right the Arch of Severus,  
Showing victory in the strife;  
While beneath it runs a paving  
Leading down from Tolus' Head,  
Called for ages, "Sacra Via,"  
Where the heroes, long since dead,  
Proudly marched into the Forum,  
Loudly hailed by Romans there,  
How the banners waved them welcome  
As the eagles rose in air!  
Just beside it is the rostra  
Where the prows from Actium shone,  
Where the orators in words fought,  
All unarmed and all alone;  
But their power has lasted longer  
Than the proudest warrior's sword;  
Their words have been of greater worth  
Than suppressing Saxon horde.  
All about it rise the temples,  
Shrines to Saturn, Kings, and Peace,

Graceful columns still uprising,  
    Longing for their home, fair Greece.  
Down beyond the fluted pillar  
    A basilica still stands,  
With its rows of broken columns,  
    Where the merchants from all lands  
Met to talk of trades and barter;  
    And perhaps to cast a glance  
At the circles in the pavement,  
    For the ancients played at chance.  
Still those circles in the pavement  
    Show as clearly as of old,  
Telling how a rooted evil  
    For all ages keeps its hold.  
From that heap, but once a temple,  
    On the day "Great Cæsar" fell  
Antony drew the people round him,  
    All the bitter news to tell;  
Then far down these narrow highways  
    Eager, frenzied, did they run;  
But the speaker turned and murmured:  
    "Let them go, 'tis done, 'tis done!"  
In this atrium, long deserted,  
    Burned the virgins' sacred fire;  
But the altar's cold and empty;  
    Long ago did it expire!  
'Gainst the walls, the stony vestals  
    Look in horror at their fane,



Now besieged by wandering pilgrims ;  
They will never move again.  
Turned to stone in holy horror,  
Through the ages long they stand,  
Watching changes, many changes  
Coming to their sunny land.  
Modern Rome ! yet still the ancient  
Stands aloof, nor heeds its march ;  
Never changing, never changing,  
In its temple or its arch.  
Underneath the Arch of Titus  
Nero swept with glittering train  
To the fights, the cruel slaughters,  
That were never seen again,  
Even in Rome, so fierce and bloody,  
And when he had passed away  
Rose his statue tall and shining  
Just beside the Sacred Way ;  
So the Theatre of Flavian  
Changed its name to one we know,  
From the bronze, colossal statue  
On the pedestal below.  
Climb the mighty Colosseum,  
Look down on the emperor's throne,  
Facing full the broad arena,  
Silent, lifeless, empty, lone !  
But the sun shines brightly, clearly,  
On the massive arches high ;

Great stones glowing red and fiery  
    'Gainst the deep blue southern sky.  
Stones on stones they piled to build it!  
    Stone by stone 'twas torn away!  
But bricks and mortar stood against  
    The ravage of that day.  
Now they prize the place they pilfered  
    For the money that it brings.  
How the Roman spirit's fallen!  
    How 'tis turned to minor things!  
But we look upon the same stones,  
    And we people it again;  
All the houses of the Palatine,  
    Every palace, bath, and fane;  
Still the paintings and mosaics  
    Made by other centuries' hands  
Show us what their arts and thoughts were,  
    What they lent to other lands,  
And the Lares on the threshold  
    Guard their homes in peace or war;  
Though one never pours an offering,  
    Though their worshippers are far,  
Far away in bright Elysium,  
    Thoughtless of their former home,  
Of the city of the glorious past,  
    Far ruling, ancient Rome.

## STRINGS OF AMETHYSTS.

THE Grecian isles, the purple mounts,  
That lie upon the crystal sea,  
Are strings of amethysts she counts,  
Athene, tall, and fair, and free.  
Each jewel means a legend told,  
Each isle a gem upon the chain  
Of myths and fancies, strung on gold  
Of sunset clouds along the main.

## WILD GRAPE BLOSSOMS.

DID you ever ride in June through a wood,  
When an odor made you wonder if it could  
Be the air that you were breathing, just the air;  
Seemed that all the fields were wreathing blossoms fair;  
Giving forth a gracious perfume, fresh and soft,  
Winging down from every leaf-roof up aloft,  
Where the wild grape loves to curl, and climb, and cling,  
Endless tendrils creeping, round each branch to fling?  
Just an odor like a song the fairies know,  
Just the faintest breeze that ever wind did blow,  
Just the whisper of a thought too fair to be,  
Just the blending of the ripples on the sea;  
These, all these, like scattered pictures come and go,  
When the wild grapes strew their bounty high and low,  
Unseen blossoms breathing peacefulness and rest;  
Odors far too faint and subtle to suggest.

## INSPIRATION.

THERE comes a feeling in my heart  
That welleteth up again,  
That leads me from the world apart,  
A subtle, joyous pain.  
'Tis not my beloved books I seek,  
Not for knowledge unknown,  
But a thirst to impart, though weak,  
The message that to me is blown  
By the winds. The strength and glory  
Of inspiration on life;  
To tell the whole pure story,  
And free my thoughts from strife;  
How best to bring to the vision  
Of those whose eyes do not see,  
How to win their clear decision  
And their thoughts untrammelled, free,  
To the life of joy and gladness  
From one look into Nature's soul;  
To feel too a tremulous sadness  
In the beauty and truth of the whole.  
Each his own guide must become  
To that peerless place of rest,  
For the air, too light, might tire some  
Or make them dizzy at best.  
Gradually up in the mind-soul  
Must we travel day by day,

Till we see the clouds of indifference roll  
In dissolving mists away.  
No more can a cloud take flight  
From that space far down below  
To sadden inspiration's height,  
Where the flowers of happiness grow.

## INVITATION.

COME, read with me a story  
Of most charming ancient lore,  
Lit with deep and blazing glory,  
Always new, though read before.  
Every day are added lines  
To this weird and fitful tale;  
Every hour the land in light combines,  
Each leaf-blade brings its frail,  
But growing chapter to the whole;  
Come, read fair Nature's book,  
Come, drink deep draughts from Nature's soul  
In this green and grass-grown nook.

## A DROWSY AFTERNOON.

WHAT must the wind be saying,  
As whispering, slipping down,  
With cornstalks lightly playing,  
He glides through the sleepy town

That the summer sun so drowsy made ;  
He hears no answering sound,  
He creeps along, almost half-afraid  
Of the stillness all around ;  
But his footsteps the insects have waked,  
His breath has shaken the leaves,  
And softly the lawn he has raked  
With his fingers. The bright sun grieves,  
And withdraws his golden glory  
From lawn and garden green,  
But the wind sings on his story  
In shadow or sunlight sheen.

### AN ANSWER.

You think a poet ne'er should cease  
From murmuring an endless song,  
His every thought for you release,  
If it be light or long.

Can streams forever laugh among  
The stones and waving grass?  
Sometimes their song cannot be sung  
For those who, listening, pass.

Sometimes the winter freezes light  
Their heart-strings' eager beat ;  
Sometimes the sun is far too bright,  
Too strong the summer's heat.



*Far up 'mong the snow peaks  
It trickled in slow drops  
From hundreds of glaciers—*

—THE RHONE.







And oft comes in a poet's life  
Weather by cold winds brought,  
There sometimes comes an inward strife  
To steal from him his thought,  
To bear away the fantasy,  
Or turn an image cold,  
And that wild careless melody  
Is never told.

## THE RHONE.

[ABOVE LAKE GENEVA.]

Down the broad valley  
The swift torrent rushes,  
Ice cold from the glaciers  
It foams on the rocks,  
In whirlpools and deep holes  
It gurgles and gushes,  
The thick walls and stone-work  
It laughs at, and mocks.

Far up 'mong the snow peaks  
It trickled in slow drops  
From hundreds of glaciers,  
To gather in streams,  
That fell down headlong  
From the steep cliffs and hill-tops,  
Slid down the smooth slopes,  
Or hid in the deep seams.

On, on, to the blue lake  
It turns and it tumbles,  
To be lost on its surface,  
So smooth, broad, and calm,  
But over the stones  
How it roars, and it grumbles  
Till it reaches Lake Lemán,  
A smooth, calming balm.

Soon lost in the blue lake,  
It flows past that green shore  
Most pictured and sung of  
In tale, and in song;  
It knocked on the dungeon  
And many a hole wore  
In the wall that confined there  
Brave Bonnivard long.

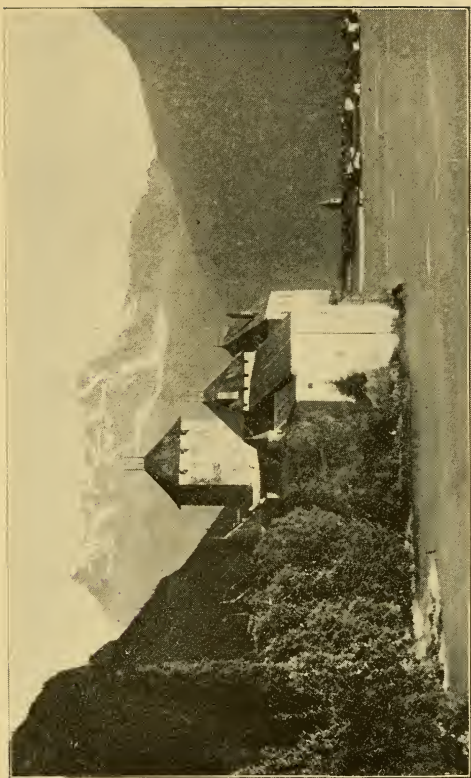
For a time it flows calmly,  
Past Vevey and Lausanne,  
The green banks of Schweiz,  
The steep hills of Savoy;  
But soon with its temper  
The swift-rushing, rough Rhone,  
Shoots out of the lake  
With a wild shout of joy.



Small, faint text or markings located to the left of the large blue area.

Soon lost in the blue lake,  
It flows past that green shore  
Most pictured, and sung of  
In tale, and in song.

—THE RHONE.







## ISLE OF CAPRI.—BAY OF NAPLES.

THE snowy gull over the blue sea glides  
In the shadow of Capri's rocky sides,  
Where the water is deepest of indigo blues,  
And far, farther down 'mong the clearest of hues  
And shades of the color, all gleaming and white,  
The shells of the ocean bed shine in the light.

Through a low rocky arch the old boatman rowed in  
To a cavern, far bluer and brighter within;  
A sheen and a shimmer on the clear water shone,  
A glitter and glimmer, reflected alone  
Thro' the small rounded entrance that leads to the world,  
By which the clear water from turquoise is pearled.

In the deep fairy cavern low murmurings rang;  
Come, list to the song that the cave fairies sang:  
Up from the ocean bed,  
Light as the foam  
Rose a bright sea nymph one day,  
Thinking, 'tis said,  
O'er the smooth sea to roam  
'Mong the steep purple islands of fair Naples' bay.

Into this grotto blue  
'Neath the clear ocean's wave,  
Glided the sea nymph so bright;  
Never in water's hue

Had she seen such a cave,  
Resting within from her long weary flight.

Charmed by our lovely home,  
Under its spell,  
She joins her song with us now,  
Begging you not to roam  
More in the field or dell,  
Come, 'neath the green mountain's brow.

Joy is eternal here,  
All our world's bright,  
O listen! O list to our song!  
Never know we a fear  
Playing in bluest light,  
Come, live with us, live with us long!

Ah! the sea fairies' song was enticing and clear,  
And we longed to float ever, and ever to hear  
But the murmur of waves and the tales that they told;  
Yet the old boatman's heart was so stony and cold  
That he rowed us away, until all we could see  
Was a little dark hole, where the fairies are free.

## MOONLIGHT.

THE air to-night is mild as June,  
The shining, round, bright silver moon,  
Looks through the limbs, still bare of leaves,  
And throws dark shadows 'neath the eaves

And o'er the ground, in waving lines,  
Like mystic, cabalistic signs,  
Moved slightly as the branches sway  
Below a sky as bright as day;  
Unfathomed stories printed there—  
Tales of the earth—songs of the air.

## THE BEGINNING OF AUTUMN.

[A MEMORY OF GENEVA.]

I CAN never forget the picture  
Of a cluster of slender trees,  
Turned yellow and brown by the sunshine—  
Some fallen leaves whirled by the breeze  
O'er the gray paving stones of a court and a road,  
At the top of a gentle hill,  
In the mellow shadows of a building old,  
A spot so calm and still  
That a nameless feeling of sorrow and joy,  
Whispered by winds still fair,  
Made the whole world seem more sadly sweet,  
And blew onward every care.  
So we lingered there in the sunshine,  
Watched the first leaves rustle and fall,  
Whirling about in the autumn breeze,  
In the shade of an old stone wall.

## THE ROSE AND THE SAND.

[FAREWELL TO CAIRO.]

A ROSE bent over a grain of sand,  
In the delicate beauty of yellowish pink,  
And wondered where, in what far-off land,  
Were such hard smooth crystals; and could not think

Why she found them there, in those lofty halls,  
By the side of her slender flower vase.  
She bent down low to the shining balls,  
And wafted a breath from her fair sweet face

O'er the sand, that lay on the table there  
In a smooth and yellow mound,  
That a traveler brought with greatest care,  
The grains that he gathered around

The base of the pyramids, lofty and great,  
On the edge of the desert plain,  
Looking over the valley of orange and date,  
Where the flood for months has lain

On the fertile fields—to the city beyond  
Where the rose gardens flourish and bloom.  
The sand had seen a palm tree's frond,  
But ne'er had it felt the perfume

That was wafted so gently down over it now.  
'Twas the breath of the fair and unknown.

It pondered and pondered, and wondered how  
Such a delicate flower was sown.

And the rose whispered low in a sweet perfume,  
“ I am the type of the Nile,  
Of the fertile Delta, the land of bloom  
That stretches for many a mile.”

And the sand, shifting down in a gentle breeze,  
Answered, “ I am the desert so wide  
That in Egypt so well with the valley agrees  
And bounds it on every side.”

The rose and the sand I send to thee ;  
May thy days be fair in the land,  
And think a little sometimes of me  
As thou lingerest 'midst roses and sand.

## RECOLLECTION.

YES, sweetest happiness is recollection !  
For in it every joy is oft repeated,  
And all the sorrows melt into a cloud  
To hasten o'er the distant horizon.  
All that is fair, each word, each thought  
Remains, to cheer us on to newest enterprise.  
The sights are best that were seen yesterday,  
Touched by the rosy lips of Memory.  
Come then and tell me of the joyful Past,

And after all is well thought-on, well-sung,  
Let's seek again new treasures for our minds  
To hold, and weave into the endless chain  
Of happiness, that in a garland grows  
Of blooming flowers, till all the mind and soul  
Are deep embalmed in earth's sweet harmonies.

### SNOW MUSIC.

A FEATHERY snow stole down last night  
And whispered soft, as slow it fell,  
Faint, gentle music, sweet and light,  
More mystical than words can tell;  
Flew in a shower of downy flakes  
That the evergreens caught in their arms—  
Strong arms that a light wind scarcely shakes—  
And preserved them from all alarms.  
Then as the light came over the trees  
They stretched out their branches in greeting,  
To the gift sent down from northern seas  
To the day, by the hours fleeting.

### SPRING FLOWERS.

SMOOTH white petals around the hem,  
Within, a small red frill,  
Some little green buttons to hold the stem;  
That is the gay jonquil.

The daffodil hides in a yellow bell,  
But she waves her arms to the breeze;  
She has many secrets, deep, to tell  
Of the flowers whose coming she sees.

Anemones, so delicate and fair,  
Flowers of the wind and gentle rain,  
You come with spring's first warm, inviting air,  
To sprinkle blossoms o'er the grass again.

Deep blue bunches nestling down,  
Hiding each modest head  
Beneath the leaves from April's frown,  
Violets bloom in a mossy bed.

Shining gold in the soft green grass,  
The buttercups are here;  
They glitter and laugh with all who pass,  
They have lost a spring flower's fear.

I know why you look so gay, so gay,  
Dandelion buttons close to the ground;  
You are fresh and bright on the dustiest day,  
Though so lowly, seen all around.

I thought the snow had come back to-day  
'Mong the plum trees all abloom,  
Until from the breath of each pure white spray  
Stole a delicate, faint perfume.

The grass is high beneath the green trees  
 That cast cool shadows so broad and dark,  
 The lilac plumes in a southern breeze  
 Toss to and fro; a last bright spark

Lingers upon the burning bush;  
 The jonquils white, in long rows  
 Beside the path, bend over and push  
 Their neighbors, as the wind blows.

The quince tree blossoms of pink I see,  
 Fairer the apple with faint perfume;  
 As the poet said, the soul of the tree  
 Has come forth in its fair and delicate bloom.

#### D O G W O O D .

Great silent flowers of purest white,  
 Apart from other wild blooms you seem —  
 A cold, mysterious, Alpine height  
 Looking down on the green hills and stream.

As the train sped on 'mid woods and fields  
 To the city noisy and great,  
 Through the door a fragrance the crab tree yields  
 Made us long to linger, to wait  
 Beside the winding quiet stream,  
 Where the pink blooms fill the air  
 With perfumes that truly the sweetest seem  
 Of all wild blossoms fair.



The dark brown calycanthus,  
A perfume of strawberries fresh,  
Teaching that in the quietest face  
May be hidden, a golden mesh  
Of thoughts so fair and charming,  
A mind so fresh and sweet,  
That you wonder why you were blinded  
When you and this friend did meet ;  
For after you fold it closer  
The odors grow sweeter, to last  
Long after the flower is faded,  
Its freshness a thought of the past ;  
And often a perfume steals toward you  
When the flower hides shyly away,  
As the deeds of those fairies on earth  
Hidden well from the curious day.

Scarlet honeysuckle,  
Trumpet delicate and bright  
Lined with golden pollen,  
Where the humming bird so light  
Poised, in mid-air, sipping  
Honey hiding at the base,  
Flitting to each slender blossom  
With a sweet and airy grace.

Thick, white, heavily-scented flowers  
On bushes that grow by the fence,

You hasten us on to the summer hours  
 Syringa; the warm days commence.

As I wandered through the garden  
 I met a cornflower gay;  
 He stood erect and slender,  
 While his loose hair blew this way  
 And that, in the southern breezes  
 That came from over the hill,  
 Kissing the tiny rosebuds;  
 The birds began to trill  
 That summer was coming, was coming,  
 That the cherries would soon be red,  
 That the bees had commenced their humming  
 By the sweetest blossoms led.

### THE OLD ICE WITCH.

[Suggested by an old woman singing, with a zither accompaniment, in the ice cavern of Grindelwald Glacier, and two children who sang outside.]

In a green ice cave, far, far away,  
 An old witch lived for many a day  
 In the "cold dark North;" and two children fair,  
 With bright blue eyes, a beauteous pair.

On harp strings, made of their golden hair,  
 She played all day an echoing air,  
 While they sang 'mong the rocks with voices sweet,  
 As the little snowbirds flew about their feet.



*Did you ever ride through Cairo streets  
On a donkey of queerest clip?*

—CAIRO STREETS.





The old witch sat in her cavern cold,  
Watching over a pot of gold,  
Singing and playing an echoing air  
Only heard by some straying polar bear.

But the birds remembered the children's song;  
They carried the news for a distance long,  
To a city far down on a bright blue sea,  
To tell the story so strange to me.

### CAIRO STREETS.

DID you ever ride through Cairo streets  
On a donkey of queerest clip?  
Past gay bazaars of rugs and shoes,  
The stately desert ship,  
With your little steed's necklace jingling,  
His little legs shaved in lines,  
The donkey boy screaming and yelling  
At the long-robed Arab, who dines  
Before the door of his tiny shop,  
Or smokes his pipe in the way;  
At the women who stride with bending step,  
On their heads a jar or tray?  
He cries "Mushaus" and "Mina."\*  
He keeps an astonishing pace,

\* "Mushaus,"—get out of the road; "Mina,"—to the left of the road.

And pokes his burro hard and fast  
 As he joins in the long mad race.  
 No matter how narrow and crowded the streets,  
 No matter how sharp are the turns,  
 We rush along in a wonderful way,  
 For the youngest child soon learns  
 How to live in the track,  
 And not under the feet,  
 Their ears are sharp,  
 Their sandals are fleet.  
 The clamor, the clatter, the hammer, the patter,  
 'Tis the funniest thing in the world  
 To mount a donkey, then shout "Kulló,"†  
 And through Cairo streets be whirled.

## AUGUST.

GOLDEN rod nodding, and daisies tall,  
 The rocky bed of a dried-up rill,  
 The first faint whisperings of Fall  
 In the branches over the hill;  
 The narrow road and the winding trail  
 Half hidden in sumach's red plumes,  
 Fair summer's flowers, faint blue and pale,  
 'Mid Autumn's hardier blooms.

† "Kulló," everywhere.





*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*'Mid gay bazaars of rugs and shoes.*

—CAIRO STREETS.

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*





## FIREFLIES.

OVER the field of daisies white  
Softly steals down the summer night.  
Then fireflies come from the trees and grass,  
Flicker and shine as they pass and repass  
O'er the snowy expanse of daisy heads,  
Far on where the shade of the orchard spreads;  
The firefly greatest among them all  
Shines high above the oak trees tall:

On a pale blue ground the evening star  
Twinkles and glows in the sky so far,  
Ever at watch o'er the smaller lights  
On these tranquil, warm, fair summer nights.

Great men their influence shed afar,  
As the mellow light of the evening star,  
But those who possess less wealth or wit  
Like fireflies, ever in unison, flit.

## MOZART, "THE KING OF TONES."

[After the first presentation of "Idomeneus" before the Elector Karl  
Theodore, at Munich, 1781.]

At his father's feet he lay  
Blessed by that old trembling hand;  
'Twas the glad and crowning day!  
Son and father both so grand —

Mozart elder in the wonder  
And the pride of his dear son,  
When the tones had rolled as thunder,  
Or as fountains, all ears won ;  
There the young and pale musician,  
All his strength merged into joy,  
With the clear, sweet intuition  
That the father blessed his boy.  
The last notes had richly sounded  
Through gay Munich's opera, crowded ;  
The applause with might resounded ;  
Now the seats and aisles were shrouded  
In still darkness. Not a footfall,  
Only where the stage lights glimmered  
On a space about the leader's stall,  
On the picture shone and shimmered  
Of the father, proudest-hearted,  
Who had watched throughout the night,  
Of the son, his fair hair parted  
By the hand that lay so light  
On his forehead, bubbling, teeming now  
Beneath the brow so calm,  
With tones that might draw back and bow  
All Munich to yield the palm.  
Now these lights, too, are extinguished ;  
Out into the world again  
Mozart goes, the crowned, distinguished,  
Soul of tones, but life of pain.

## MILAN CATHEDRAL.

[INTERIOR.]

Down from the windows there fell in a flood,  
The full rich glory of purple light  
On the pavement of marble, in mosaic wrought,  
Fell from a glorious height,  
Far up 'mong the pillars that rise to the roof,  
So beautiful, airy and grand,  
Where the saints and the martyrs watching over the  
In their countless niches stand. [church,  
All in the darkness that middle aisle;  
But down from the pulpit high  
The gilded bronze threw a brighter light,  
The odor of incense floated by;  
And behind the glitter, behind the sheen,  
Three windows shining rise,  
That glow with a thousand figures burnt,  
Three windows of wondrous size.  
As I look up at the shining throng  
It larger seems to grow,  
And all in a mist of roseate light  
To rise up from below,  
To float away in the rafters high,  
A countless procession of light  
To leave the dim church choir behind—  
I turned—'twas almost night.

## MILAN CATHEDRAL.

[EXTERIOR.]

A FOREST of poplars turned to stone,  
Against a pale gold sunset sky,  
Far above them, pointed and lone,  
A statue of stone on its pedestal high;  
While from each slender poplar tree  
A figure looks to the Lombard Plain,  
Over the city, silently,  
Through sunshine and through rain,  
Ever watching its spotless trust,  
Carved out of marble white,  
Standing against the golden sky  
All in the sunset light.

## TO A BABY PICTURE.

LITTLE girl up in the picture frame,  
Is it true that I once was you?  
With curling black hair, and a baby name.  
Little girl, you never grew;  
But the tiny white dress with 'broidery round  
Is as fresh as on that day  
When they painted your cheeks, so rosy and round,  
Your eyes that they said were gray.  
Your good-luck coin hangs from its chain,  
Upon it a French king's head—



Unused, it long in a drawer has lain,  
But into good-luck has the baby led.

Baby, baby, with laughing eyes,  
Do you think I was ever you?  
Open your lips in glad surprise  
And tell me it is true.

### AUTUMN DAYS.—FLORENCE.

A LONG, broad, level, brownish road,  
Sycamore trees on either side,  
The withered, turned-up leaves blow past,  
Telling a tale of summer-tide.

Whenever I see that yellowish light  
Creep over the leaves of green,  
A feeling of restfulness and content,  
A feeling of happiness keen,

Takes me away from my daily thoughts,  
Away from the world around :  
I only look at the yellowing leaves  
That lie on the brownish ground.

As old clothes give more pleasure and rest  
Than the finest satin or lace,  
So do these worn-out summer's robes,  
As they blow about my face.

## E G Y P T .

THE land of the rose and the jasmine,  
The land of the sand and the stone,  
The land of sweet-scented gardens,  
The land of the pyramids lone.





*The graceful palms that wave their slender fronds.*

—THE SUN AND MOON IN EGYPT.





## THE SUN AND MOON IN EGYPT.

[On the road from the Pyramids to Cairo.]

O GOLDEN moon that looks down on the Nile!  
The sandy desert hills in clearest light,  
The graceful palms that wave their slender fronds,  
The flooded fields all silent in the night!  
You shine upon this broad and rippling sea  
That covers well the fertile land beneath;  
While low green islands rise above the wave,  
And tall straight corn-fields with their cold green sheath.

All things at rest in nature. Brightly o'er  
You gaze upon the pigmy people's haste,  
Who ride along upon their stately ships,  
On through the green trees to that yellow waste—  
The Desert of Sahara, rising up  
Above the fertile Delta of the Nile,  
Stretching afar to Western Afric' sands  
For many a long, and dry, and weary mile.

Just where the fields so green and desert meet,  
The oldest works of man look down on them,  
As if to show the end of blossoming,  
The dreary desert wastes that seem to hem  
Around about this greenest bit of life;  
They stand above with broken steps and rough.  
How did they raise those square and heavy stones?  
Where did they find a quarry large enough?

Awe inspiring, towering up so high,  
Cold and unflinching, like the fates of old,  
Looking far off into the future land,  
Farther than all the ancient stories told;  
But when the sun set in the distant West,  
We saw that promised land all glowing gold  
And brilliant red behind the desert sand,  
No more the pyramids looked stony cold.

Only dark fingers, pointing clearly up,  
Engraved upon the glowing golden light,  
And happiness and hope and perfect peace  
Stole down upon us with the wondrous sight.  
All things were bright; even 'neath the level lake  
A golden column glowed with richest hue,  
That the moon's shining ball had pointed out  
Far down where shining crops once bloomed and grew.

And this seemed but a promise of the next,  
The root from which the golden wheat will spring,  
The fairy gift that sailed down through the sky  
As lightly as the white gulls on the wing;  
'Twas in the palace of the man who looks  
All night upon the earth with smiling face,  
And when he sees a country that he loves  
To shine upon, he sends down to the race

Such bits of brightness, that make all things fair,  
The golden wheat and corn, and hanging fruit,





*Just where the fields so green and desert meet—*

—THE SUN AND MOON IN EGYPT.





Dates and bananas, yellow roses' hue,  
The cotton's bloom, the slender bamboo flute.

You look so calm, benign, protecting, kind,  
O beautiful, round, shining, golden ball!  
Where'er I see your face, on every shore,  
You send a welcome to the travelers all,  
That makes the place a home, the world a friend;  
A face that changes not with climes and sands;  
You always speak a language clear and plain.  
We part, but soon to meet, in other lands.

## TO A ROSE.

FAIREST of earthly possessions,  
Sweetest, most delicate one,  
Flower for tender confessions;  
Be you of gold, as the sun,

Crimson as bright clouds at sunset,  
Pale as the dawn's coming light,  
With heavy and cool morning dew wet,  
Or touched by the breezes of night.

Be you pure as the drift-snow of winter,  
Be you glowing as summer's bright sun,  
The sunshine, that wonderful tinter,  
Has made you the fairest, sweet one.

## SUNLIGHT AND SHADE.

THE road that I love best to follow  
Winds o'er the hill and down a hollow,  
Where graceful sprays of elder white  
Breathe sweetest fragrance day and night.  
Among their thick leaves, darkest green,  
A rustic bridge peeps out between  
The branches, o'er a tiny stream  
Where here and there a bright pool's gleam  
Shows where the shallow water lies—  
This hidden streamlet's sparkling eyes.  
It winds beside a meadow's edge  
Shaded by one long, wild-grown hedge,  
Below a fringe of elm trees tall  
From which the cool, dark shadows fall  
Upon the fields, now cleared of grain,  
Sweet from the hay that long had lain  
In the all-warming harvest sun,  
That makes the wild flowers laugh, each one.  
Upon a hill the oat fields bend  
In gray, and blue, and green, which blend  
Like ocean waves that wash the shore—  
How gently do these grain waves roar!  
They whisper to the breezes soft  
That whisper back on hill tops oft;  
They whisper to the roses wild  
That in great masses long have smiled

Upon the sun, deep pink or fair,  
Graceful and bright, without a care.  
The hardy golden daisies, too,  
With centers of a nut-brown hue  
Stand clustering in merry groups.  
Not one among them bends or droops,  
But all erect, on sturdy stems,  
Form garlands for the bright green hems  
That edge the fields and orchards now  
Laden with ripening fruit; each bough  
Weighed down with apples, yellow, red,  
Or still fresh green. This road has led  
Me oft far o'er the neighboring hill,  
And others on in windings, till  
The dear home village spread beneath  
The groves of Webster. Many a wreath  
Of memories could I weave and twine  
Around the hills that I call mine,  
Covered with grand old forest trees.  
Between them spreading lawns one sees  
And grape vines' twisted trunks, that hang  
In loops and swings, 'mong woods that rang  
With Indians' whoop and wild beasts' cries  
Ere they were seen by Frenchmen's eyes.  
Then came the fearless pioneers  
Who mowed their way not knowing fears;  
Leaving the wood's majestic height  
And opening vistas for the sight

Of drooping hickories, graceful elms  
That onward rose through woodland realms ;  
The Norway spruces planted, larch  
And pine, that formed in years an arch  
Sometimes, or nook deep-wrapped in shade,  
Or arbor that the branches made.  
Of that great book the sunshine weaves  
We have how many, many leaves,  
As soft winds wander gently by,  
Telling a tale in each low sigh  
Or rustle! Never can the book  
Be read too much. Each tiny nook  
Is full of stories; each bough sings  
Of birds, and bees, and insects' wings,  
Of sights since man first pierced these shades  
And wandered through the sunlit glades.  
The great oaks twist their branches high;  
They look so gnarled—I wonder why!

### SANTA BARBARA.

SANTA BARBARA, my heart and soul were thine  
As I stood before thy ancient, holy shrine.  
Father Junipero toiled far up the way,  
And built two towers here to greet the day  
As it looked o'er the blue waters, and the isles,  
And the sea-cliffs stretching onward many miles.



Hoary gray and massive, this square ancient pair,  
Pierced by one long, winding, narrow, stony stair.  
O! the view that stretched below us when we rested  
O'er the pointed front: one tower, scarce molested  
By the stranger, looking down into a space  
Walled about and green with graves, a quiet place.

In the other, hung the two large Spanish bells,  
Cast about with Latin names and dates, like spells;  
While across the quaint and sloping red-tiled roof,  
Hidden 'mong the walls, lay charmingly aloof  
From the outer world the blooming inner court,  
Closed to women (two have entered by report).  
Down upon the snowy arches poured the light,  
Thickly in the sunny square bloomed roses bright;  
Brown and heavy robe, with white rope 'round the waist,  
Wore a brother, who this tranquil beauty faced  
Through the long, warm, drowsy, brilliant summer day,  
Waiting for the tranquil night, the hour to pray  
In the church below us, dim, and cool, and long,  
'Mid the painted saints' and angels' evensong.

'Softly shake the eucalyptus' drooping leaves.  
What the memory for which its sighing grieves?  
Father Salvierderra? Yes, but he was old,  
A long, good life had led, the story told.  
And Ramona! ah, Ramona! she was fair,  
As the wings of night fell down her long dark hair.

Was she not much happier later with Felipe  
When the Indian lover's passion heart did sleep?  
Sleep! O restless Alessandro, could you lie  
Peacefully? 'Twas best, 'twas best that you should die.

Eucalyptus, cease your sighing! cease! oh cease!  
In the Santa Clara Valley there was peace;  
When the beauteous Indian maiden laid her head  
On Felipe's shoulder, all her sad days fled.

### THE ICE QUEEN'S JEWELS.

BEJEWELLED, bedecked is the garden fair  
Which, at sunset, reared its bushes bare;  
For the ice queen came, and in darkness cased  
Each branch in a frozen coat, and laced  
A network of ice threads in and out  
Circling the fruit trees all about  
With a diamond coat. How each small twig shines!  
The fences stretch in sharp, shining lines!  
Now as the day begins to dawn,  
And the garden shines dim in the pale light wan,  
She drops her necklace, a shower of pearls,  
That the wind now catches, now whirls and whirls,  
Till the jewels lie scattered all over the grass;  
As night o'er the west hill seems to pass,  
It leaves the morn so stern and cold  
This pure ice wonder to behold.

## 'TIS A SOFT VENETIAN SONG.

[Suggested by a tiny silver gondola.]

HERE is a tiny silver boat  
That has touched the Venetian shore—  
Isles that seem to gently float  
Without a sail or oar.

Strangely there with startling motion  
The gondolas swiftly glide  
Over the smooth, the dark blue ocean,  
Scarce moved by the gentle tide.

How softly glows the moonshine  
O'er the city's marble face!  
A long and shimmering, sparkling line  
Across the wave I trace;

It comes to meet the slender boat  
Over the rippling water.  
What joy to be fore'er afloat!  
What joy to pause, to loiter

Beneath some stately rounded dome  
Dark 'gainst the bright moonlight;  
Never, nevermore to roam,  
Never to leave this night!

The songs come softly floating  
From the music boat so bright,

## THE VARIED GRACE OF NATURE'S FACE.

Hung round with rosy coating  
Of awning and lamp light;

A man's clear voice is singing,  
He is only a gondolier,  
But the strong true notes are ringing,  
Still singing to my ear.

He stands upon the high black stern.  
'Tis a soft Venetian song—  
That it is no dream, I ne'er shall learn,  
Oh, may it last, last long!

The music boat is moving past.  
Come, gondolier, follow, fly!  
The boats are motionless and cast  
Black figures on the sky—

Quaint, graceful prow of shining steel,  
Body of gloomy black,  
A pointed, carved and slender keel;  
The gondolier, with back

Bent slightly on the single oar—  
When, at the short command,  
The barks shoot forth and gently soar,  
Moved by each strong lithe hand.

Again are the boatmen in motion  
With a swinging, wonderful bend  
Again do we glide o'er the ocean.  
The songs, far distant, lend

Enchantment, soft, mysterious, sweet.

Look up at the palace walls!  
Look up at the carvings that ever meet  
In graceful arches, where falls

The moonshine, making them purely white!

Was ever a dream more fair?  
Let us follow the shimmering road of light,  
Follow, follow, and ne'er

Float away from this fairy scene

Where sights are worldly never!  
The airy gondolas stand between  
The sea and the sky forever.

The music boat is floating past.

Pursue, pursue, my boat!  
Let the moonlight ever last,  
Let us ever be afloat

On this street the most enchanting,

Paved by the silvered moon;  
The shadows grow deeply slanting,  
We must leave the broad lagoon.

Palaces wrought by fairy hands,

Palaces golden and white,  
Among the nights in many lands,  
None are fairer than your night

## SKY AND SUNSHINE.

A break in the clouds,  
The blue, blue sky,  
The wild North wind  
Comes whistling by.

A quick glad joy  
In the sparkling light,  
In the blue above  
And the dark cloud's flight.

A thought that has made  
One more bright space,  
That future clouds  
Can never erase.

## THE DESERT AND DELTA.

Out in the sands of the desert  
O'erlooking the plain of the Nile,  
In tents 'mong the smooth, sandy billows,  
The Bedouins the sunshine beguile.  
Tall and dark, bright and strong, quick in temper  
Is the child of the desert and sand,  
In the folds of his flowing white mantle,  
As he leads forth his small, restless band.  
These tombs all around near a city  
Once stood, and the Pyramids brown



*Heliopolis, obelisk lonely—*

—THE DESERT AND DELTA.







Slowly rose, by the wealth of kings builded,  
To keep their names still in renown.  
But only the Bedouin and stranger  
Look up at the mountains of stone,  
Feel the past glory lingering 'round them,  
The grandeur all silent and lone ;  
The child of the desert is eager,  
And brings forth a camel and boy :  
"Mount, ride to the Sphinx," he commands you.  
On a camel! What unthought-of joy!  
To the Sphinx with its smile ever widening  
As centuries chip off its face,  
Time, fanatics, Turks, men of all nations,  
Leaving now but a vanishing trace  
Of its beauty; but wondrous it still is,  
Still watching the sun rise each day  
That for centuries, o'er the sand billows,  
Has lighted its face, wan and gray.

To the Island of Roda we must go  
Says Absalom Levi, our guide,  
Between sailing and dervishes howling  
An afternoon sunny divide.  
Pandemonium of Koran and music,  
Hair, prayer, eyes and cries, in a whirl;  
Arms in motion, souls steeped in emotion,  
Shouting forth from the Koran each pearl  
Of truth. Deaf to truth or to falsehood

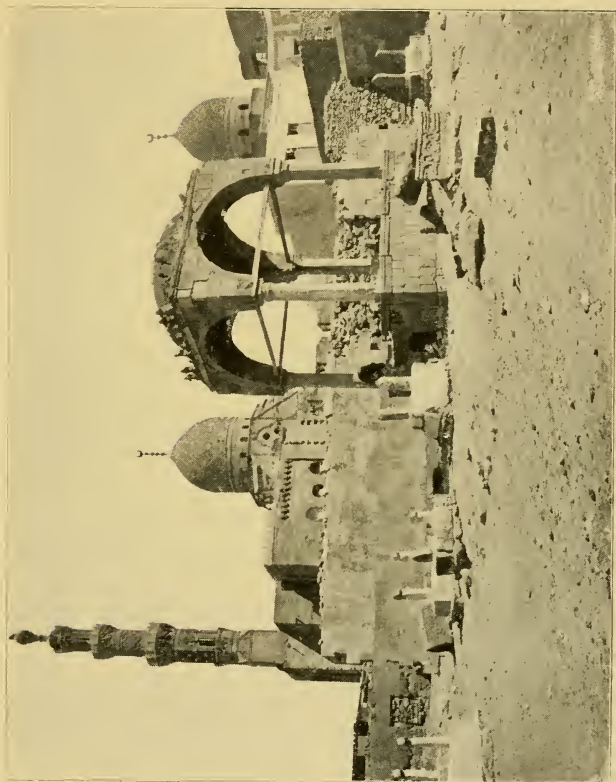
When that noisiest hour was o'er,  
We took a last glance, where they sat  
'Mid a circle of skins on the floor.  
Isle of Roda, a lotus leaf floating  
On the level expanse of the river,  
Where the rushes that once hid a cradle  
Still bend in the current, and shiver  
In the breeze that is driving our sail boat  
Back to old Cairo's city of gloom :  
The narrowest ways, and the churches  
Half buried and cold as a tomb.  
A drive to the mosque alabaster,  
A gem on the Citadel's crown ;  
To the West, the dark Pyramids pointing,  
As the sun in a glory goes down :  
Down, down, where the desert lies burning  
And panting in infinite space,  
Leaving only an infinite yearning  
Its farthest boundaries to trace.

To the East, to the Tombs of the Khalifs  
Fresh energy takes us next day  
On donkeys, by brisk Arabs driven  
Down the noisy, thick-peopled highway,  
The " Muski," the heart of the city,  
To those sand dunes o'erlooking the town  
Where the mosques, alabaster-lined, scattered  
O'er the level, are slow-crumbling down.



*To the East, to the Tombs of the Khalifs—*

—THE DESERT AND DELTA.







Domes in plastered design fantastic,  
Tall minarets slender and white;  
Below lie the mazes of buildings,  
Countless minarets taking their flight  
Above the striped walls of their white mosques,  
O'er the domes, smooth and rounded, that rear  
Many heads above each of the churches;  
The tall spires on the sky clear  
Soar above them with mystic suggestion,  
Above the bazaars' noisy ways,  
Above turbans and gowns of all colors  
Through the sun's hot and glaring noon rays,  
When the streets are half-silent, deserted;  
Till Cairo wakes in the cool hours,  
As the muezzins' strange echoing chanting  
Resounds from the minaret towers.

Through shaded drives bordered by corn fields  
We are taken some five miles away  
To the Tree of the Virgin, still standing,  
It is claimed, from that far distant day  
In the centuries past, when the Virgin  
Rested under the sycamore's shade.  
How twisted the heavy-barked trunk is!  
What a stunted, gray form Time has made.  
But a jasmine vine trails all about it,  
Hides the low fence around it in bloom,  
And lends to the spot a sweet memory,

A subtle and gracious perfume.  
Heliopolis, obelisk lonely,  
Only trace of a city deep-hid,  
Partly covered itself by Time's earthworks  
The waving green corn fields amid.  
The busy bees build in the carving  
Of the characters cut in your stone,  
An Arab group roasts the ripe corn ears—  
A happy and bright modern tone -  
Their blue robes that shine in the green fields,  
The obelisk, ancient and gray,  
The blending of Past and of Present  
In the thick Delta life of to-day.

We hasten by train to the sea shore,  
The desert walls slowly recede,  
A caravan follows the old path;  
We pass quickly by in our speed  
Through low mud towns, each on its rough mound  
Built up on its ancestor's wall,  
The houses that stood there before them  
Adding to the town's height by their fall;  
Ever raising them up and still upward  
Above the Nile's rising each year,  
Looking high over stretches of flood land  
Above all the danger and fear;  
While profiting from the Nile's bounty  
Brought down as a midsummer gift,



*A drive to the mosque alabaster,  
A gem on the Citadel's crown—*

—THE DESERT AND DELTA.





Their food for a whole year supplying  
Their lowly condition to lift.  
Alexandria, you too are fading,  
Pompey's Pillar, the brilliant bazaar;  
The Egyptian ship heads to the Northward.  
No more will you seem a land far  
From our knowledge, but nearer will cluster  
The places that form now a part  
Of our lives, and impressions, and pleasures.  
Ah! Seeing is better than Art.

## MAN AND THE WIND.

## M A N .

*Question:* WHENCE do they come,  
These sweet and gentle thoughts,  
Suggestions fair and clear;  
The dreamy winds  
That whisper songs of joy,  
Of hope or fear,  
Echoing the moods  
Of those who list and hear?

*Musing:* You always seem to sing the song  
That murmurs in my heart.  
You ever bring a pleasant throng,

Which of the life a part  
So great, so wondrous, forms  
That in the end it seems  
To banish all alarms  
And whisper in my dreams.

## THE WIND.

I am the thoughts of men,  
So fleeting, changing so  
You never know the when,  
Or how, or why, or so  
Of other minds; yet still  
I know them every one  
And clamber o'er a hill,  
Or whistle to the sun,  
And sing the thoughts of man;  
If he be gay or sad,  
Or as the streams began  
In spring, deep, cool, and glad—  
A mind as peaceful, fresh,  
Unmoved among the wood,  
But deep and with a mesh  
Of sunshine that is good.  
For each one I can bring  
A song full, clear and sweet,  
Blowing on joyous wing  
The bright thoughts to your feet.



## TO A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

SOMEBODY fastened you close to his heart,  
Violets, lying there crushed in the street,  
Ne'er thinking that you would so soon be a part  
Of the earth, trodden over by hundreds of feet.  
Too delicate, graceful, and fair to suggest  
Such an end, on the rough paving lying;  
Now there is left but one hope for your rest,  
That they tread lightly on you there, dying.

ON THE PIER AT COPPET, LAKE  
GENEVA.

[Near the Chateau of Madame de Stael.]

LIKE a thousand stars the water shines,  
The waves lap on the shore,  
The fisherman watches his fishing lines,  
The soft winds sigh, "No more!"

Less than a hundred years ago,  
In the chateau on the hill  
Great men and women met to show  
What they thought was good or ill;  
Politics, religion and the king,  
The literature of many lands  
They questioned; gathering in a ring  
About one woman with nervous hands,

Waving a slender branch or vine  
To right and left as she talks,  
Quoting some short, concise line  
Along the shady walks.

Beyond the ivy-clad wall of stone  
Voltaire, Gibbon and Byron too,  
Rested, 'tween wit and beauty thrown,  
De Stael and Recamier, those two :

The brightest woman in France was one—  
Too bright Napoleon thought,—  
The other by her lasting beauty won  
The world's admiration unsought.

And when we asked a child in the street  
Who lived in the old chateau,  
She answered, "Mam'selle," in accent sweet,  
And wondered we did not know,

For the countess, De Stael's niece, lives there.  
Perhaps sometimes she dreams  
Of the garden peopled with voices clear,  
So real the old time seems.

Perhaps she sees her bright grand-aunt,  
Waving a branch or vine  
That she nervously plucked from a creeping plant,  
Or a low-hanging, long-leaved pine.

And perhaps De Stael, beside the way,  
Picked a twig from the self-same vine,  
Where I gathered a bunch of leaves to-day  
In the shade of a rustling pine.

## A FISHERMAN'S SONG ON LAKE GENEVA.

ON a turquoise lake,  
With a turquoise sky,  
We sail away 'mong mountains high,  
On Geneva's lake,  
With a silvery wake,  
Where stately swans float slowly by.

With our sails full set,  
And a dragging net,  
The boat skims over the lake so wide;  
Like a swallow's tail  
Is the lateen-sail  
That bears the boat on her larboard side;

Till the day is done,  
And the setting sun  
Lights up the snow-peaks, lone and grand;  
O'er a sea of gold,  
With fish in the hold,  
Our bark hastens on to the land.

## A NIGHT IN JUNE.

How dark are the shadows,  
How bright is the light  
That the fair moon lets fall on our land!  
Beneath the dark trees  
All is mystery, night;  
On the smooth lawn, a shining clear band

Of silvery whiteness;  
The tips of the leaves,  
Transformed by the same gentle touch,  
Seem growing like her  
Who this radiance weaves  
O'er Nature she e'er loves so much.

The tower's black outline  
Against the broad walk  
Is accented now by the moon.  
O what would we know  
If the flowers could talk,  
The waves clearly whisper, the wind hums a tune

That our dull ears could hear;  
That our hearts could respond  
To the beauty of Nature we see!  
But she is so great  
In her silence, beyond  
That we not yet are worthy to be.

In silent communion  
She still is unseen ;  
Yet she dwells in each leaf bud, each flower.  
However unconscious  
We long may have been,  
All true hearts must yield to her power ;  
Must watch her unceasing,  
Must wonder and wait  
For the blooming of each fair sweet thought  
In this way, in silence,  
By fragrance and light,  
Are her long lasting, deep lessons taught.

### THE FROZEN FOUNTAIN.

[SOPHIA, BULGARIA.]

A FOUNTAIN laughed in the sunny light,  
The soft breeze hummed a song,  
The birds caught bugs in the roadway bright,  
And took cool draughts and long.

An old ogre came along that way,  
"I'll have no mirth," he growled.  
In frozen jets stood the fountain's spray ;  
Around the North wind howled.

He turned all the gay little birds dull brown,  
Their tiny toes froze in the snow ;  
The ogre shook his icy crown,  
And oh ! how the winds did blow !

## A T H E N S .

THE hills around the Attic plain  
Glow reddish gold in sunset lights,  
And softly blue, when night again  
Creeps from the sea along the heights.

The ocean lying 'mong the isles  
Forms mirrors, framed in marble white,  
Where gods perchance did see their smiles  
In shimmering, shining, crystal light.

The temple walls rise purely white,  
Like cameos on the deep blue sky,  
Wrought by the jewelers of might  
Out of the earth, for praise on high.

A mighty storm of Turkish ball  
Mowed down the columns, shafts and points;  
With leafy heads the pillars fall,  
To lie like reeds in broken joints.

Some stand as slender flower stalks  
Left by the mower's hasty blade,  
That still wave by the barren walks  
And aisles that the sharp scythe has made.

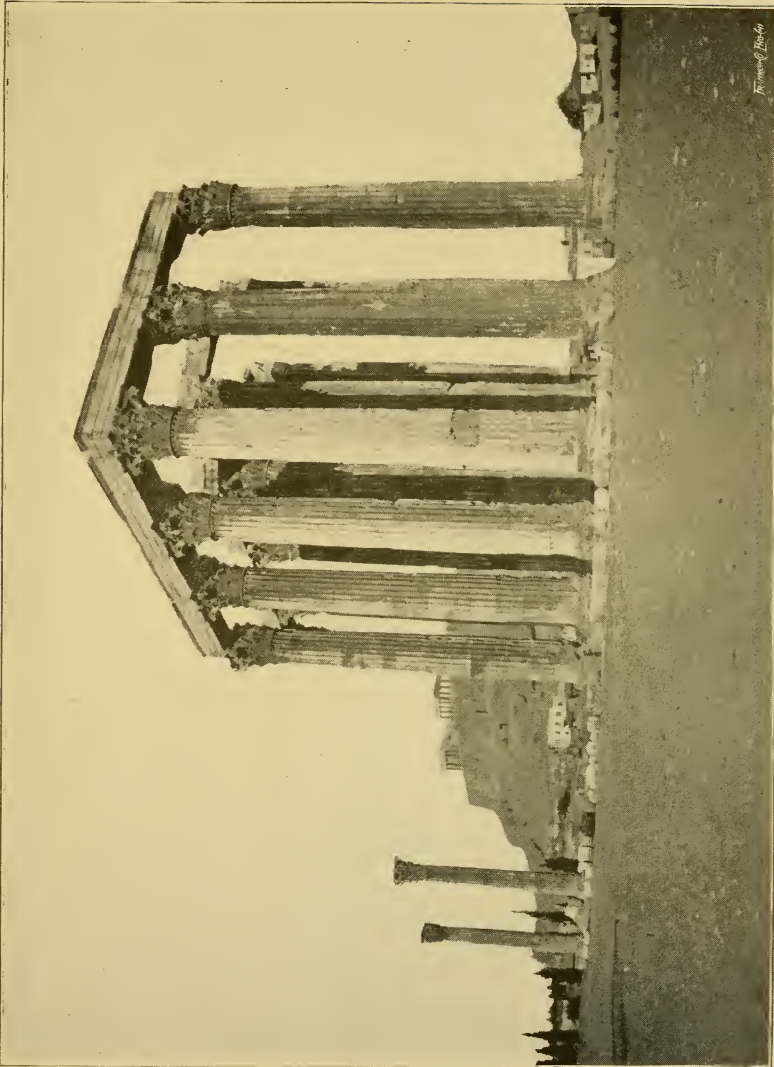
They show how fair the harvest bloomed.  
'Twas left ungathered where it lay,  
When last the cannon o'er it boomed;  
'Tis left unto the present day.



*The temple walls rise purely white,  
Like cameos on the deep blue sky—*

—ATHENS.







Farewell, ye last enduring flowers.

Phœbus for thee has still a care,  
And patriots' tears in misty showers  
Will keep thee long from withering there.

### FROST FLOWERS.

TINY white frost flowers glinting,  
Late in spring, upon the grass  
Jack Frost left, in airy printing,  
As one night he chanced to pass.

“ Ah,” he cried, “ you say the garden  
Far more beauteous doth shine.  
Pray just let me ask your pardon  
As I say more fair is mine.

“ For those blossoms on the tree boughs  
Droop at last, to fade and fall.  
Little time the seeking earth allows  
To hide and bury all.

“ But my frost flowers in the sunshine,  
With one flash of sparkling joy,  
Leaving not a trace to make us pine  
For the earth and its alloy,

“ Leap into the air above them,  
Join that clear, ethereal sphere,  
Far from boundaries that closely hem;  
The last moment a great tear

“ For the world, its passing beauties ;  
Then the tear is lost in air ;  
Free from earth's successive duties  
My flowers need no thought or care.”

### ON SEEING A FLOCK OF WILD DUCKS FLY OVERHEAD.

A FLASH of blue and silver,  
Against the azure sky,  
A flock of swift-winged wild ducks  
Fly like an arrow by.

Their heads together pointed  
To the Eastward move the wings,  
Full extended to the breezes,  
Close, compact, the whole flock clings.

Off into the misty blueness  
They are gone, a passing thought ;  
But the flash of blue and silver  
In a memory was wrought.

### THE SNOW GIFT.

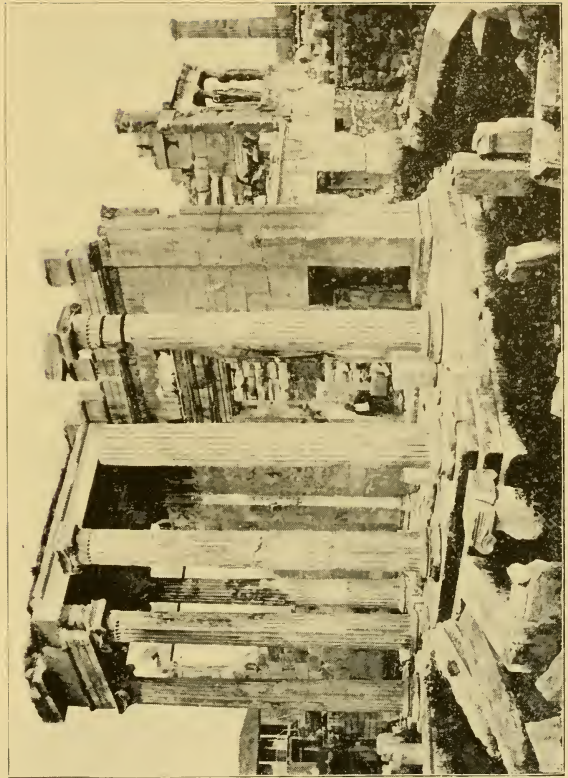
WOODS against the dim sky line  
Lifting branches bare of leaves,  
Like a mesh of lace-work fine,  
That each wild tree-spirit weaves.



*A mighty storm of Turkish ball*

*Mowed down the columns, shafts and points.*

—ATHENS.







Up above, as snowy ranges  
    Seen across a calm blue sea,  
Full of wonderful, fair changes  
    Float the clouds, piled high and free.  
So with wonder, adoration,  
    To the mounts does man uplift  
Heart and soul, in admiration  
    Of this pure, inspiring gift.

## THE SMALL HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE.

[On seeing the woodman's mark.]

'Tis best that they should cut you down  
    A small horse-chestnut 'mong the forest trees.  
Here is the woodman's mark—one deep, rough frown  
    On the smooth bark. He is the one that frees  
Each life of oak, or elm, or maple trunk.  
    What life is all around!  
And here the deep-brown leaves are torn and shrunk,  
    From which, without a sound,  
The life has fled; that lie upon the earth,  
    To rest in withered heaps  
Beneath this tree, whose slender girth  
    Will soon be circled. How the sunshine creeps  
Across the grass. And this will soon grow o'er  
    The spot on which the trunk shall fall,

In floods about it will the sunshine pour,  
To warm and strengthen all.  
'Tis not alone that we should live and die  
In selfish personality. The way  
In which we add to this great world of life is why  
We come here; that some day,  
The leaves we scattered ere we were cut down  
Flying afar may take some thought or deed  
To living heart; or smooth a wayward frown  
By some act, slow-grown, from deep-fallen seed.  
Then let the sunshine glow when we are gone;  
Then let the freshest flowers bloom fairer still;  
Perhaps we added one bright spot—just one—  
Upon the grass-grown fields of life's green hill.

## SUNRISE ON PILATUS-KULM, LAKE LUCERNE.

ON Pilate's crest we stood, and looked,  
Where the first streaks of rosy light,  
Behind the hills and mountains green,  
Brought them so clear-cut to our sight.

Then the pink stole around the sky,  
And through the air, superb and grand,  
Rose in their everlasting snow,  
The glories of the Oberland.

Peaks upon peaks, and over all  
A chain of mountains purely white  
Against that roseate, wondrous shade;  
Lonely, inspiring, awful sight!

And beautiful, ethereal,  
Like pyramids of snow they stand,  
The Jungfrau, Mönch and Wetterhorn,  
The highest in the Oberland.

Then watch the light steal down the slopes,  
Turning the bluish shade to white,  
While black the farther sides become;  
And looking onward to the right

The bluish shade still lingers there,  
On peaks that still in twilight stand,  
Among their brothers all around,  
Not dreaming of the sunny land.

Then in the East, the red ball rose  
O'er Rigi's green and wooded crest,  
To drive the silver moon away,  
And morn' star to the distant West.

Next from the valleys, there arose  
A mist, mysterious, dim and gray,  
That crept up to the mountains high  
As if to hide their peaks away

## THE VARIED GRACE OF NATURE'S FACE.

From those who dared to gaze upon  
 Such beauty, silent, awful, grand,  
 To linger at the highest shrine:  
 The snow peaks of the Oberland.

## ON BOARD THE "DAKAHLIAH."

[On the Mediterranean, between Alexandria and Athens.]

COULD the clear sea be more fair or smooth?  
 Could the cloud-islands look more white?  
 The ship's broad waves are the sounds that soothe,  
 The surface is bathed in light.

The sky and the sea have no boundary line,  
 The cloud-lands float on the blue  
 Of delicate shades, that with waves combine,  
 In one glassy, yet changing hue.

Ripples follow the swift-going ship  
 Like myriad of water bugs dark,  
 The broader waves with a deeper dip,  
 Form many a wavering mark.

Nearer and clearer, the purple steeps  
 Of the isles of Greece stand out,  
 Their peaks reflected in crystal deeps,  
 As they lie in clusters about.

And yet how shadowy, distant, dim,  
 Seem these lands dreamt of so long,

As unreal as the filmy light clouds' brim,  
The isles beloved, renowned in song.

Which seem most substantial to me,  
Those light cloud-lands of the sky,  
Or the purple isles of the crystal sea?  
I shall find out by-and-by.

## TO THE STATUE OF VOLTAIRE.

[AT FERNEY, NEAR GENEVA.]

A LITTLE, thin, bent-over, bright-eyed man,  
Still smiling kindly, in the sunny square  
Of a town that he founded and cared for himself,  
In his long fur coat and powdered hair.

His hat is folded beneath his arm,  
With the other he leans upon his cane,  
Ever watching the people and town  
That he many times rescued from famine and pain.

On this, warm, bright, beautiful autumn day,  
Old women sit in the little square,  
Near the wise old patriarch of Ferney—  
The benefactor, philosopher, writer, Voltaire.

The children still smile to see his face;  
Their grandmothers tell them of times long past

When the old man hobbled about the streets,  
Watching his dear town to the last.  
As I look up at the kind, bright face,  
He seems to step down from his pedestal white,  
To speak to the people, to visit the poor,  
Then step back to his silent watch at night.

### A JANUARY BREEZE.

SAID the wind to a maid  
He met by the way,  
"Come on, come on!  
Let's play, let's play!"  
He twisted her veil,  
He tumbled her hair,  
He parted her curls  
Combed out with much care,  
He blew her short cape  
Up over her head,  
Then twisted her hat on one side.  
As I've said,  
It was good fun for him  
Till the maid had departed,  
Then the wind laughed aloud  
As onward he darted.

## NATURE.

My joy is by the wayside,  
    Along some cooling stream,  
Where sparkling waters gently glide,  
    And bright waves laugh and gleam.

My joy is 'mong the flowers wild  
    That lift each dainty head,  
Each one a careless, happy child,  
    By Nature nursed and fed.

My joy is in the forest green,  
    Where moss has thickly spread  
A fairy forest, rarely seen  
    If one but looks o'erhead

At rustling leaves and branches  
    Against the deep blue sky;  
There are a thousand chances  
    That it would be passed by.

Yet this is a tiny greenwood,  
    Where insects small creep by,  
And wonder if they ever could  
    Look above a moss-tree high.

Nature now so fair and charming,  
    Nature bright and full of light,  
Nature changing and alarming,  
    She is always to our sight

Wonderful and full of beauty,  
Grand, inspiring, full of thought,  
Nature always does her duty,  
Be she charming, dark, or fraught

With a storm cloud black and fearful,  
With a smile or with a frown;  
Be she cheerful, be she tearful,  
On her children she looks down.

With a tear the plants awaken,  
With a smile the flowers bloom,  
With a laugh the fruit is shaken  
Ripe and glowing; and the loom

Is enriched as she grows brighter,  
And when darkest she appears,  
She is making our lives lighter  
By the patient thought of years.

## TO AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

[Suggested by a Portrait in the National Gallery, London.]

YE portraits on the gallery walls  
Marked down below, "Unknown;"  
Ye pictures in this century's halls,  
The ages long have sown  
New thoughts, new faces on the earth.  
Do you not sometimes yearn



For that dead century of your birth  
That we can scarce discern,  
Seen far away by your dark eyes  
In memory's distant time?  
You stand far back in shadowy size,  
You glowed once in your prime,  
Upon the canvas seamed and scarr'd,  
Grown now so dim and dark.  
None think that this your face has marred,  
But gaze at every mark,  
At every stroke of painter's brush,  
Blent deep to colors rich,  
And whisper "He is looking, hush!"  
Ah! can a thought, a wish,  
That passes through an artist's brain  
Last when his name is gone,  
When no one knows whose face is plain  
Within the frame; though but what's done  
Is brought down through the centuries long?  
The eyes look clearly still,  
As deeds, whose influence ever strong,  
Have lost the print of will  
Which first shaped them for future walls,  
Scarce knowing what it did;  
Whose looks will shine in lofty halls  
When earth itself is hid.

## THE CASTLES OF THE AIR.

LIT by the half-clouded sun,  
Lofty beyond compare,  
Rise in their changing traceries,  
The Castles of the Air.

Bulwarks dark and majestic,  
Towers whose heavy walls,  
I know, overlook the sunshine  
That softly behind them falls.

Walls may be thick and frowning,  
Blackened by massive towers,  
But over them flows the sunshine  
In happy and healthful showers.

See! see! the cloud-walls are falling,  
They sink in the distant west,  
And all that is left is a pathway  
Of light, to a night's sweet rest.

## OVER THE CAMPAGNA.

A TENDER blue is the noonday sky,  
Nearer the horizon, white;  
Yellow the smooth Campagna's fields,  
Darker the mountain's height.

Oh, green and fresh in the distance clear  
Are the wooded Alban hills;  
With their snow-white villages climbing up  
To kiss the sun, which fills

The skins of the white and purple grapes  
That heavily hang from the vines;  
Ripening olives on silver trees,  
Giving the oils and wines.

A monastery shines on the mountain top  
To check the too eager race,  
Who love their sunny southern slope,  
And bask in the bright sun's face;

O'erlooking the wide and winsome plain,  
Where down in the misty light,  
The Rome of the present and the past  
Survives from many a fight.

That giant dome of Michael's art  
Above all lesser things,  
Higher still in the wanderer's thought  
Rises ancient Rome, the wings

Of the eagle ever soaring aloft  
To guard her city old ;  
Though conquerors come, and conquerors go,  
Who dares loose that eagle's hold?

Rome! Rome! as ever strong,  
As ever, thou art free!  
Thy ruins scorn the pilferer's touch  
And strangers ever bend the knee  
Of homage, lasting long,  
To thee.

Still farther off the ocean rises,  
A blue line 'gainst the sky,  
By which the first of Roman race  
Came from Troy's walls so high.

The ages glide so swiftly,  
As drops of rosy wine ;  
But we dream away in the golden age,  
As if we had found the mine

Of happiness, everlasting, bright,  
In a vine-clad Alban hill,  
And sing away in the summer sun  
With never a thought of ill.

Forever, forever, under the vine,  
Come rest thy careworn head,  
And think of naught but a whispering breeze,  
Stealing down to thy leafy bed.

## THE POOR-HOUSE WINDOWS.

At seven fifteen, the fourteenth of July,  
When the sun had sunk low down in the sky,  
And the clouds, gold-rimmed and flecked with pink,  
Seemed now to expand and now to shrink,

The poor-house windows, that high up stand  
On the eastern hills, and from all the land  
Surrounding are seen, began to glow,  
Shining and dazzling, row upon row.

Were they on fire? All seemed so bright,  
Those squares of ruddy, fiery light;  
The tiny windows above the eaves  
Had caught the sparkle. The sunlight weaves

A semblance of flames to the topmost points.  
How long it lasts! 'Tis strange it appoints  
The home of paupers to gladden and light  
Before the world is left to the night.

The winter evenings must warmer be  
To those who so late the sun may see;  
The summer sunsets must seem more fair  
As the brightness lingers and wavers there.

And now it is fading, the clouds in the west  
Are silver and gray; a wind full of rest  
And gentleness rustles among the trees;  
The night is come and the daylight flees.

## SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

[OREGON.]

SUNSET on broad Columbia! Burnished gold  
Reflected from the sky's deep lighted edge,  
Which mountains, bluest of the blue, enfold,  
Above the green-banked river—one long ledge  
Of deepest turquoise 'neath the amber sky;  
The stream another sky, smooth glazed below;  
Between four giant snow peaks, clear and high,  
Their huge forms on the sea of color throw.

Mount Helens all in snowy mantle dressed,  
A gorgeous, marble, scintillating dome,  
Where rosy light her outlines have impressed—  
A perfect wave of sunset tinted foam,—  
From base to summit rising o'er the range,  
Not even her white foot hidden by the hills,  
Calling up thoughts and fancies new and strange  
That all the waving light with glory fills.

And then Mount Rainier, peering o'er the heights,  
To view Columbia flowing broadly by,  
Though distant, clearly seen on such June nights,  
Its double point all whitely clad and high.  
Mount Adams, too, is far away, its peaks  
Standing as crystal on the golden sky;  
Not glorious, but purely white, it seeks  
Each color-loving, mountain-loving eye.

Mount Jefferson, the pyramid, called "Hail!"  
To Mount Hood, loveliest peak, in rosy light,  
Until the sky tints growing faint and pale,  
Mount Hood, a phantom, rose up in the night.  
Glorious in sunlight, delicate in shade,  
A dream of rose tints, spirit of the night,  
Your beauties ever change, but never fade—  
The subtle, wondrous, beauteous power of light.

### UNDER THE APPLE TREES.

SWEET and fresh is the southern breeze  
Under the low-hung apple trees ;  
Green is the grass  
To those that pass,  
Under the apple trees.

Gnarled and brown are the branches old,  
But robes of leaves their trunks enfold ;  
All is so fair,  
Lingering there,  
Under the apple trees.

Shadows and lights that dance and play  
With the golden-rod beside the way ;  
Meadow all bright,  
Then the fading light,  
Under the apple trees.

Outlines uncertain, and gray and dim,  
No one can tell which is leaf or limb.  
Witching times these  
In the southern breeze,  
Under the apple trees.

### THE CROCUS.

THOUGH the wind is still cold  
There's a warmth in the air,  
A longing to fold  
All things that are fair

In one's arms; and we seek  
In the grass for an hour,  
The anemone meek  
Has not lifted her flower,

Of a delicate pink  
Shading up to pure white,  
As the fair dawn, the link  
Between darkness and light.

Yet the grass has grown green  
With its transparent blades.  
When held up between  
The sun, all the shades



Are fresh, delicate, clear.  
There was no other thing,  
Though we sought far and near  
For the tokens of spring,

When under a tree,  
Sheltered well from the cold,  
By "The Green Gate" I see  
A gay crocus, bold.

One small yellow flower  
And its grass-like green leaves  
Springing up—a rich dower  
The sun sometimes weaves

Before other creations;  
A fair cloth of gold,  
Worth more than all nations  
To fashion and mold.

What a message of hope,  
Of joy and content,  
Growing on this green slope,  
The life earliest sent!

The evergreens watch you,  
The vines clasp your stem,  
The gentlest winds touch you,  
The spring's first pure gem.

## YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE tall shaft of the Golden Gate,  
Majestic, ushers in  
To sights that long for man did wait  
In silence ; or with din  
Of rushing waters boiling loud,  
Of quick escaping steam,  
That hangs above, a misty cloud  
Through which the fountains gleam.

In the liquid depths of a pool of green  
Shines the clear "Morning Glory,"  
Beneath the surface, calm, serene,  
Its deep cup spreading, hoary  
From minerals in the boiling drops  
That bubble up the stem,  
Reaching below the great workshops  
That deck this strangest gem.

The geysers roar, and spout, and splash,  
From mouths of depth unknown ;  
Around about, the hot waves dash,  
The earth gives many a groan.

Not far away a peaceful lake  
Lies sleeping 'mong the hills,  
Its azure waves a picture make  
That all the distance fills

With lights and shadows. On the Bay  
Of Naples, in the gleam,  
I seem to hear the soft winds say  
'Tis an Italian dream.

The purple clouds piled fold on fold  
Across the waves so bright;  
A face cut in the mountains bold,  
An Indian's, 'gainst the light  
Is clear cut, black, and sharp defined.  
Then to the cañon deep,  
With rainbow colors brightly lined  
On precipices steep;

Tall spires, castles, cut and worn;  
The river, far, far down,  
Falling below, all rent and torn  
On rocks that glare and frown;  
Torn in a thousand drops of spray,  
Snowy and clear, like pearls pure white,  
Flowing fast on its bright green way  
'Mongst cliffs and crags of light.

The wonderful, the beautiful, the grand  
In this great Park of Nature find a place,  
From geyser mouths to lake, and rainbow sand,  
The dark pine woods and precipices grace.

## H E I D E L B E R G .

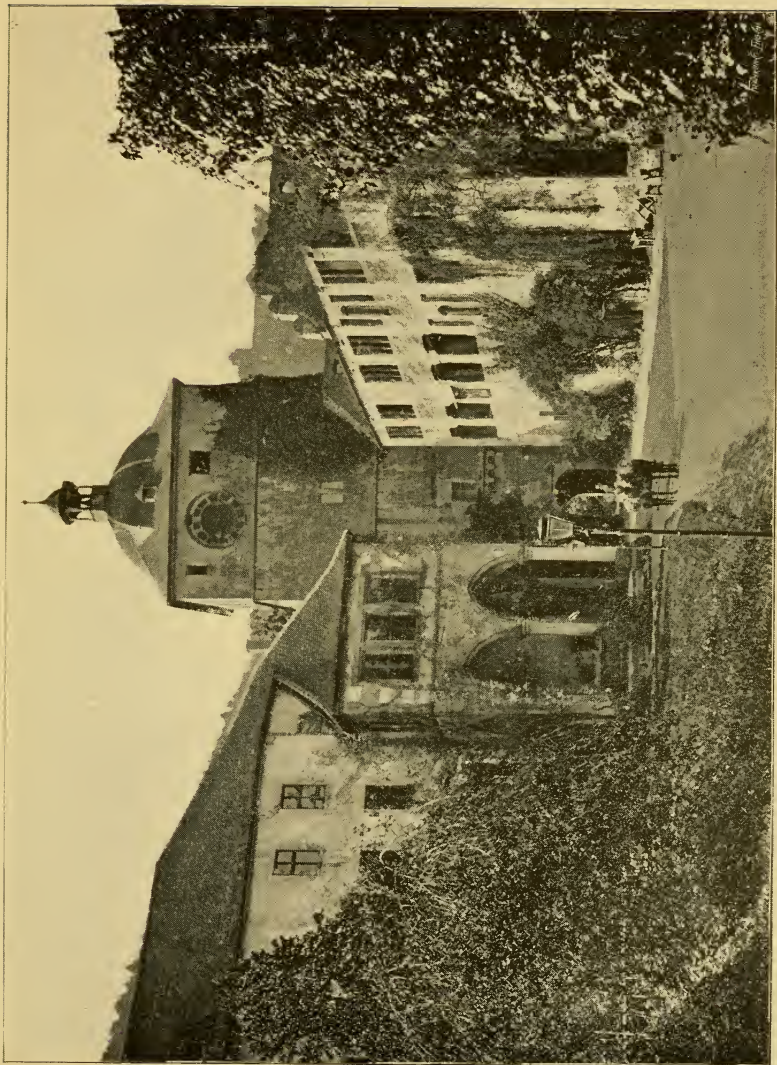
THE broad low window all in light,  
The garden dim and dark,  
The students, singing through the night,  
Send echoing music from the park;  
The wooded hill beyond, a wall  
Of blackness, where one ray  
From lofty heights its light lets fall—  
A glittering star, astray.

Morning, there is the castle old!  
That gray, majestic pile,  
Last night deep-hid in shadowy fold  
Of evening's mantle, all the while.  
Up by the winding, shady path  
Above the Neckar's stream;  
What charm this ancient woodland hath,  
A strange mediæval dream!

“The moat is deep, the tower is high,  
The walls are still upright,  
But enter, ladye, pass not by,  
At the castle gate waits a faithful knight.  
Come through the great watch tower,  
The coat-of-arms, o'er the gate,  
Emblem of feudal strength and power,  
Of a mighty and olden state.











- “ Rupert built this Gothic wing,  
The imperial eagle carved thereon,  
In fourteen hundred crownéd King  
Of Rome. At Rhens he his robes put on.  
Crossing the level road again,  
Pause at this ancient well a time,  
Upheld by columns that Charlemagne  
Once placed in his palace at Ingelheim.
- “ Still glorious stand the inner walls,  
Which emperors' statues and saints' adorn;  
On their stony heads the sun's rays fall  
Unbidden; no beggar more forlorn.”
- “ Interminable seem these winding ways  
Sir Knight, half-ruined, and half-walled in,  
Traces of halls in better days,  
And many shadowy rooms therein.”
- “ Come to the balcony, stranger fair;  
In this turret rest, look down  
At the clustered houses below us, where  
Is passing, the life of a modern town;  
While the octagon tower above us stands,  
Clasping young ivy, a century old; ”
- “ Sir Knight!” the ladye held up her hands,  
“ Sir Knight! young ivy!” His brow grew cold.
- “ Come back to the court,” he grimly said.  
They passed through an archway low,

And stood, as the knight had silently led,  
In the sun's last, fading glow,  
Before a lofty façade, where placed  
In niches, many and high,  
Quaintly carved statues the spaces graced,  
Princes of thrones that in dust now lie.

“ My niche is there,” the knight bent low,  
“ Farewell, 'tis my only day  
In the century,” wan his face did grow,  
Cold his eyes; his hair was gray.  
“ Farewell!” The ladye, trembling, turned;  
Then upward gazed from the courtyard lone—  
The sun's last, lingering brightness burned  
High over a knightly form of stone.

## TO PIKE'S PEAK.

[From the Plain.]

GIANT of the pleasing valleys,  
Sentinel of the boundless plain,  
Clear-cut on a sky of azure,  
Drawing o'er it clouds and rain;

Broad, majestic, red, and barren,  
Boulder-strewn above the pines,  
Cherishing the fairest blossoms  
In its hard and rugged lines.

Peak of grandeur! Peak of beauty!  
Found a century since by Pike;  
Rearing high its rocky headland,  
Seeming misty clouds to strike;

Beckoning to the snow and rain-drops,  
Clasping close each flower bright,  
Till, straight looking towards the "Far West,"  
Pike's Peak bids the sun "Good Night."

## DON AND I.

OF all life's countless pleasures,  
The happiest, best, beside,  
That is new at each day's dawning,  
Is the early horseback ride;

With the dew-drops on the meadow  
Like meshes of pearl-strung lace,  
The sunbeams slanting across them,  
The fresh breeze in your face.

We understand each other  
Fleet-footed Don, and I.  
What rides we have had together  
When no one else was nigh!

Over the windy hilltops,  
On through the wood's deep shade,

Stopping to pick a blossom,  
Or rest in a sunny glade;

Don, with a thoughtless freedom,  
Eating the flowers of gold,  
That I try to pick on the saddle  
From their tall stalks. When the cold

Has driven the last blooms southward,  
O'er the hard and frosty way  
We will speed, till the glow of the motion  
Has tempered the cold of the day.

Oh! nothing can freshen the spirits,  
Or rest hand and foot in an hour,  
As a ride through the woods and the meadows  
In their beauty of leaf, twig and flower.

### TO AN OLD SATCHEL.

[Covered with Foreign Hotel and Custom-house Posters.]

OLD satchel! old satchel! all covered with scars,  
With bruises and scratches,  
You've been through the wars;  
Have traveled on high seas, and tumbled in cars;  
Been thrown down the hatches  
Through all kinds of snatches;  
Gone headlong in 'buses, and would have seen stars.

Full often, if only you'd had heels or head;  
    Yet still you have patches  
    That do well instead;  
For they show in large letters where'er you were led;  
    Some stuck close in batches,  
    Some round, the eye catches;  
And all advertising in gold, white, or red.

Far Constantinople first here has its due  
    On one side; 'tis interminably long,  
    And evidently greatly despises the hue  
Of the large round Hanover patch of bright blue  
    That it doesn't think there should belong;  
    Considering it still a great wrong  
Not to stand 'mong a far Eastern few.

Close by, a small stamp of Verona proclaims  
    The town of love songs and romance,  
    Of faithful, brave knights and beautiful dames,  
And thought brings up many fair names  
    That those noted dramas enhance,  
    Where, seen by a lingering glance,  
Is the "balcony," famous and old window frames.

There's a custom-house mark on this same battered side,  
    And with chalk you are pretty well "cus'd;"  
    But don't this respectable satchel deride,

There are some other stains, worn leather beside,  
And a good deal of most ancient dust;  
An ink stain, if tell it I must;  
Its catches still shine with deep pride.

Then there's one with the Pyramid, Sphinx and the Nile;  
Next it Berne, with a bear;  
And a yellow one which, in the greatest of style,  
Has Dresden upon it. And many a mile  
Has it gone. 'Tis a curio rare,  
Preserved with surprising good care  
'Twill be pensioned, and then put on file.

## A MEMORY OF THE "IONIA."

"THE Plain of Troy!" the captain said.  
We stood beside him on the bridge,  
And looked where many a Grecian led  
His warriors brave. Far off a ridge  
Of mountains rose against the blue;  
Between the slopes and restless sea  
Green grasses sparsely scattered grew  
Upon the level, far as we  
Could gaze; a few trees, where a stream  
Wound from the hillside to the shore.  
Your head on the ship's rail, sit and dream  
Of Greece and Troy in days of yore.



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*Now along the narrow street,  
Crossed with high and slender stepping-stones  
Touched by gay Pompeiian feet.*

—NAPLES AND POMPEII.

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## NAPLES AND POMPEII.

BEFORE I visited the city,  
I had read on Naples bay,  
With passion born of nearness,  
Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii; "

In the warm Italian sunlight,  
Shining white the curving shore,  
Green the hill of Posilipo,  
Blue and smooth the bay's wave-floor.

Sparkling as if set with jewels  
In mosaics' thousand tints,  
From the whitest, clearest ripples,  
To the deepest, bluest dints.

Far out rises rocky Capri,  
Purple at the early morn,  
When the bay is filled with fishing boats;  
Then the brighter lights adorn

Its high crests with greenest foliage;  
Sunset comes. It fades again  
Into dreams the most delicious,  
Resting to the heart and brain.

Oh, dear Naples, how I love thee!  
As I walk beside the shore,  
Even when the skies are threatening,  
And the waves, with sullen roar,

Beat against the rocky barrier,  
Tossing up the foaming spray;  
'Gainst the shore they beat far higher  
On the last day of Pompeii.

Black Vesuvius lowered over,  
Clothed in clouds of twisting smoke;  
Then the restless earth was shaken,  
All its sleeping powers awoke;

And the hot and seething lava  
Covered Herculaneum soon;  
Stifling ashes showered over,  
All the hot air seemed to swoon.

Ashes sifted to the sea shore,  
Buried deep each narrow way  
In the rich, the brilliant city,  
Gay and laughing, bright Pompeii.

'Twas the end. Yet look, the city  
Has come back, back from the dead!  
Though the people fled in terror,  
Saved themselves, here in their stead

Lived the town. They long have perished,  
But the city, saved to-day  
By Vesuvius; for in this time  
'Twould have surely passed away.

Here the Forum stands as ever,  
A great, level, stone-paved space;  
Broken columns all around it,  
At one end the temple's face,

Steps that lead up to the altar;  
Now along the narrow street,  
Crossed with high and slender stepping-stones  
Touched by gay Pompeiian feet.

Here the chariots rolling over  
Wore a deep and lasting rut;  
All the house walls still are standing;  
Floors are paved; rooms frescoed, but

All is silent. Yes, 'tis truly  
But a "city of the dead,"  
Though the sun seeks to revive  
Its roofless homes. A flower's head

Peeps between the stones and mortar.  
Bright the frescoed gods and wreaths,  
Kept beneath the close-packed ashes;  
Standing here one quickly breathes

The fresh air, and sometimes glances  
Toward the mountains and the bay,  
But the thoughtless "lazzaroni"  
Never think of that sad day.

In this garden Glaucus rested!  
Watched the tortoise's dull track  
(The tortoise, found, is now at Naples),  
Watched it creeping forward, back;

And without the walls a villa  
On the stately street of tombs,  
Where each monument elaborate,  
White and square, still proudly looms;

Villa of the rich old Diomede,  
Larger in its court and hall  
Than the houses of the city,  
Overgrown the stones and wall

With white flowers sweet as honey,  
Waving grass, and thick-grown weed;  
Crumbling are the doors and stairways  
That to rooms deserted lead.

But 'tis peopled by the shadows  
Of the ones who passed away  
Or fled, frightened, from the city  
On the last day of Pompeii.

## THE SONG OF THE STARS.

THE triple stars in Orion's belt  
Flitter, and flicker, and gleam,  
While under the trees so dreamily  
Streams the glowing moon's soft beam;  
There, in a sky of azure deep,  
Are set the gems of night,  
Brighter than diamonds, more lasting, true,  
In their softening, watching light;  
Fairer than diamonds, yes, fairer by far  
These jewels of all mankind,  
Lightening, sparkling, brightening,  
Come hither, come seek and find;  
Come into the glorious starlight,  
And breathe in the noiseless tale,  
That the stars are forever singing  
To the moonlight, pure and pale.

## A STRING OF GREEK BEADS.

[Bought at Athens, Greece.]

WHAT hangs from the cabinet's corner there?  
A string of smooth-worn beads,  
Shining from fingers' constant wear,  
Pierced, oblong, hardened seeds.

'Tis the plaything of the modern Greek,  
Not the child, but the man; as he talks,  
A restless motion his smooth hands seek,  
As he waits for a friend, or walks

At a leisurely pace, in an Athens' square  
Where each political view  
Of the many parties, and how they fare,  
Is discussed in daily review.

On the shaded deck of an East-bound ship  
The Hellenic captain stands,  
And as he watches the rise and dip  
Of the prow, the beads in his hands

Rattle, as nervously to and fro  
He slips them from hand to hand,  
When the warm South winds with softness blow  
From the shores of the Afric land.

'Twas down at the foot of Hermes street  
In an Athens' corner shop  
We chanced an obliging man to meet,  
For, though oft the beads would drop

As we helped him to string them on stronger cords,  
He picked them up every one,  
And bade us farewell with unknown words  
When his trade with us was done.



So, on the cabinet's corner there,  
Hangs one of those selfsame strings;  
Where are its former comrades? where?  
In the land where Sappho sings.

## S U N S E T .

OUT of the meadow springing,  
Sweet clover, white and red;  
Bees for their honey winging,  
Where the daisy waves its head;

Graceful and slender yarrow  
Its rounded spray uplifts;  
The grass blades, straight and narrow,  
Toss ever in shining rifts.

The orchard, beyond the woodland,  
Deep green on the fair blue sky,  
Where the snowy banks of a cloudland  
Float, slowly dissolving, by.

The peaks of an Alpine chain they seem,  
Heaped up to a dizzy height;  
The Oberland in a gentle dream,  
Fairer than dreams of night.

The Meramec hills in the amber West  
Stand out in deep blue lines;  
Of all fair sights, home sights are best,  
Where restfulness combines

With beauty of the day and night,  
The sunshine and the moon,  
The cooling woods, the flowers bright,  
The charming hours of June.

### AT VIRGIL'S TOMB.—NAPLES.

[After a visit to the region about Lake Avernus, near Naples.]

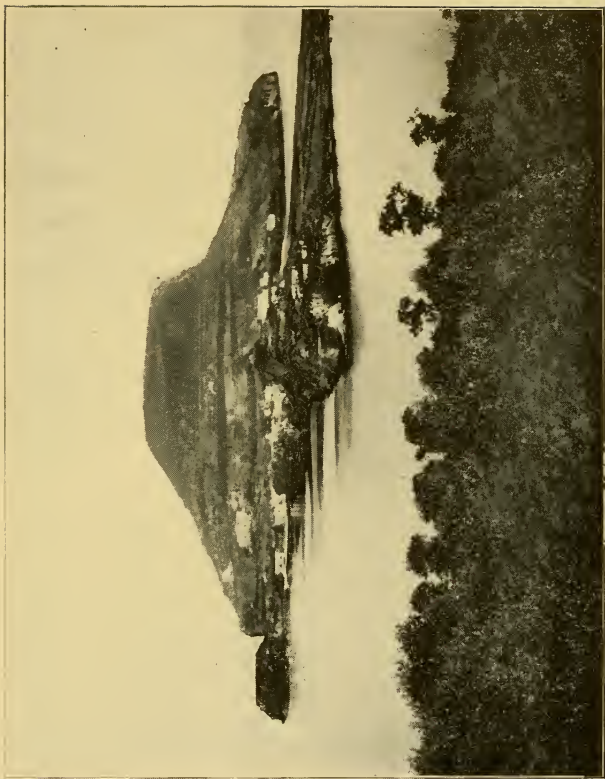
To Virgil's Tomb we wend our way,  
Through vines trained high in garlands green,  
Studded with white and purple fruit,  
And olive trees of silver sheen.

Up to a hollow in the hill,  
Above a busy Naples' street;  
But quiet, restful, shaded, lone,  
Steps worn but by true pilgrims' feet,

For the path is steep, and the hill is high,  
Three children show the way  
To a ruined mound, in a crevice deep,  
Where once was placed a poet's clay.









The niches round the low arched room  
Are empty. Not a single trace  
Of urns or pillars, snowy white,  
That once this ruined tomb did grace.

But garlands twine, and vines wreath round  
The openings made in roof and wall  
To honor him who sung of fields,  
And woods, and bravest heroes all.

By his deft hand long fallen Troy  
Rises again before our eyes ;  
From the wooden horse pour forth the Greeks,  
Through the dark street Æneas hies

With old Anchises on his back,  
The boy Iulus by his side,  
While following close upon his steps  
His patient wife does silent glide.

And then they sailed upon the sea,  
They wandered North, and South, and West,  
Driven by storms and hardest fates  
From shore to shore without a rest

Till Cape Misenum rose in sight, (Bay of Baiæ)  
And Cumæ's white and jagged hill,  
They gladly landed on the beach,  
And resting, ate and drank their fill.

But good Æneas hastened on  
To find the Sibyl, old and gray,  
In Cumæ's rock beside the shore,  
To ask, to beg, the hidden way,

Reaching far down to Pluto's realms  
Where old Anchises long did roam ;  
The Priestess pointed to the wood  
That closed about her dreary home.

“ Search for the golden branch,” she cried,  
“ And if your life be pure and right,  
'Twill yield with ease unto your hand,  
Then bring it back to me at night.”

Æneas sought the dark grove through,  
And after struggles, long and deep,  
Found the bright branch, upon a tree  
That grew along the hillsides steep

'Round dread Avernus' gloomy lake.  
The aged Sibyl led him down,  
Where in the rock a passage long  
Pierced to the place of dread renown.

Through caverns long and high they went,  
Down, down a steeper, narrower way,  
Until they reached the blackest Styx,  
Far from the warm, clear light of day.



Holding aloft the golden branch,  
Hero and Sibyl on the brink,  
Beguiled the boatman of the dead  
Until, before he half could think

That living forms were moving o'er  
The wave, forbidden but to shades,  
They reached the distant, gloomy shore,  
Where memory of the past, that fades

So quickly in this busy life,  
Still lives in forms of deepest woe,  
And farther on in brightest light,  
Here meet again the friend and foe.

Ah! many are the pictures strange,  
And beautiful and thrilling too,  
That this great poet gave to us.  
He stands among the shining few.

Farewell, ye vineyards, olives, pines!  
Farewell, green Posilipo's hill!  
Your memory is a golden dream,  
That long and oft my thoughts will fill,

With scenes so fair, so lovely, bright;  
With breath of oleanders, pines;  
With sweetest grapes of clearest hue,  
With Virgil's everlasting lines.

## THE RAINBOW AT LUCERNE.

It rained all day at fair Lucerne,  
The clouds hung o'er the mountains high,  
Pilatus wore his cap of gray,  
Like molten lead the lake did lie.

But suddenly the sun broke through,  
And flooded all the lake with light,  
The slopes of Rigi, smooth and clear,  
Was ever such a sight!

A rainbow spanned the lake of green,  
And stretched its ends from shore to shore,  
Arch over arch of colors bright,  
Surpassing sights of ancient lore.

Full twenty minutes joined the banks,  
And covered lake, and mount, and town  
With a sheen so wonderful, so grand,  
It seemed the light had all come down

From every part of earth and sky  
To make this picture, wondrous, bright,  
To join a hundred thousand drops  
In one grand spectacle of light.

And soon old Pilate raised his head  
To cast aside the mist of gray;  
The sun shone brightly on his crest,  
The lake was dark no more that day.

## ON LAKE LUCERNE.

I SAW a stalwart youth to-day  
In trousers short, and alp array,  
The Edelweiss was in his hat.  
Do you suppose he climbed for that?

Or rushed up Rigi's sloping side,  
For surely 'tis a thrilling ride!  
Then bought the flowers at Vitznau town  
To win a passing brief renown?

## TO A GERMAN HELMET.

[A PICTURE OF STRASSBURG.]

YOUR polished, flashing, rounded crown  
Shines in the streets of every town  
In German land; where music calls  
The loiterers to the doors and walls,  
And lines of glistening guns file down  
The quaint streets of an ancient town.  
'Tis war, war, war, where'er you go;  
Each talks and dreams of vanquished foe,  
And half the men you chance to meet  
Wear uniforms. The drum's loud beat

Awakens one at break of day,  
When rural guards take their brisk way  
Along the roads, for march at morn,  
And later, all dust-soiled and worn,  
But making merry music still,  
Return to barracks on the hill.  
You gleam on every soldier strong  
Who proudly walks among the throng,  
Erect, unmoved in face, beneath  
The shining steel; with sword in sheath  
Clanging upon the paving stones,  
Reminding one of heroes' bones.  
How you are polished by his hand  
To flash at concerts, in this land,  
Where every open, shaded space  
Is set with tables and a place  
For music! There the helmets shine  
As swiftly passes rosy wine,  
And more of beer than aught else known.  
Where are there enough hop vines grown  
For German beer? Music, and war,  
And beer, the occupations are;  
And so the helmet sees it all,  
But will it ever hear a call  
To war again? That time is past;  
But still the helmet long will last,  
And many years will soldiers drill  
Within the barracks on the hill.

## THE JUNGFRAU.

[FROM INTERLAKEN.]

JUNGFRAU,  
Spotless brow,  
Mantle white,  
Smoothest slope,  
Radiant with hope,  
Glorious sight.

Peering out,  
Dispelling doubt,  
Awe-full at dawn,  
Dazzling fair  
'Mid earth and air,  
Outline clear-drawn.

Mountains gray  
Guard the way,  
In the valley deep,  
Dark with trees,  
O'er which one sees  
The snowy steep.

Down that green vale  
It rises pale,  
Bride of the Day,  
Soaring above,  
As perfect love,  
Beauteous alway.

An Alpine rose  
 When sunset glows  
 In deepening light;  
 An edelweiss  
 Against the skies  
 Of darkening night.

Snowy heights burning,  
 Deep-tinted turning,  
 Twilight here, sunlight there,  
 Vision so bright,  
 Wondrously white  
 Through the clear air.

## JANUARY AND JUNE.

[Suggested by the discovery that January and June were missing in a pack-  
 age of old magazines.]

JANUARY and June are gone!  
 Did they run away together?  
 How could they join their wayward hands—  
 Such different kinds of weather?

Among the fair month-sisters  
 They never were known to agree.  
 Why should they have decided  
 As friends and companions to flee?

'Tis wonderful beyond measure,  
And if, in the coming year,  
June is a trifle wintry,  
A trifle chilling and drear,

Or New Year a trifle sultry  
And warm in the midst of the day,  
You will know that they went together  
And together have lost their way.

### A SMALL ROMAN LAMP.

OF what Roman's head do you bear the stamp,  
Tiny, earthen, red-brown hand-lamp?  
A shallow, circular, rounded bowl,  
Shaped for the wick at one end, with a hole;  
At the other with handle for finger and thumb,  
Oh, head of a Roman, why are you dumb?  
The light that flared from the opening small,  
Beside your head, lit floor and wall,  
Or a soldier's face, or a monk's sad eye,  
Or a loungee that near your flame passed by.  
Perchance the porter at palace gate  
Was cheered by your gleam at an hour late,  
As he waited his master or guarded the door  
In troublous times. Perchance on the floor—  
A cold stone floor—you were placed below  
The shrine of a god, and flickering low,

You shone on the walls with statues graced,  
In a temple the "Sacra Via" faced,  
A way that the king with pomp did tread  
From the Capitol Hill (called from "Caput," head)  
To the Arch of Titus, with structures lined,  
The fairest marbles that Rome could find.  
Here is the Vestal Virgins' shrine;  
There, above on the hill, combine—  
To form an imposing ruined mass—  
The palace homes of the highest class  
Of ancient Rome. Whence did you come?  
Yes, you will be forever dumb;  
But I know you were bought in a Roman street,  
I know you have guided a Roman's feet,  
I know you were molded from Roman clay  
And have seen the light of a Roman day.

### LIFE'S GARDEN.

HE who his own self does conquer  
Wins the world at one quick blow,  
Never is the way so crooked  
That he cannot make it grow

Straight and clear, a pleasant pathway  
Through a garden bright and long;  
Keep it always fresh with roses;  
Root out each weed small but strong.



Think not that this is a garden  
Hedged around by high stone walls,  
Where no pleasures gaily wander,  
Where no sunshine warmly falls.  
'Tis all open, sweet with flowers.  
Gladness comes like sunshine down,  
As the owner, ever seeking,  
Pulls up each tough weed's dark frown.  
So all life will glow and blossom  
With no wilderness of weeds;  
Bright, and ever stronger growing  
From the well-sown, early seeds.  
If you think the one who wrote this  
Doesn't know enough, just look  
For the facts I've briefly mentioned,  
In a larger gardening book.

## F I R E N Z E .

[FLORENCE.]

UPON the broad Lungarno  
A stranger walked that day  
In the fairest of art cities,  
Beside the level way,  
Now stopping where a stone wall  
Invited him to rest,

To watch the gentle Arno  
Float slowly towards the West.  
A bridge here spans the river,\*  
So the houses ever meet,  
And the shops, built close together,  
O'er the waters form a street.  
Little shops with gay, bright trinkets,  
Filling windows cramped and small.  
Stranger still, above the housetops,  
On the roof, is built a hall  
For dark portraits old and stately,  
Joining galleries large, and hung  
With the gems of many ages;  
Statues too, that had been flung  
From their pedestals in battle,  
Covered with the dust of years,  
Found by workmen digging deeply;  
Some were given with oaths and tears  
In a country, fallen, conquered  
By imperial Rome's strong hand;  
Some were chiseled from the native rock  
By the genius of this land.  
Brave Niobe and her children  
Brought together here again,  
In their varying expressions,  
Gaze with hope or cry with pain.  
Portraits of the popes and painters;

\* Ponte Vecchio.

Flora, with her golden hair;\*  
Countless others by old masters,  
But not one so glorious, fair,  
As Murillo's grave Madonna  
In the Pitti. Faint lights gleam  
Round the Virgin's head mysterious.  
'Tis a vision and a dream.  
On he walked through echoing hallways,  
Studied gems and the array  
Of carvings, caskets, marbles,  
Wealth of a far-distant day.  
Out in the Boboli Gardens,  
Stately paths and walls and trees,  
And long arbors formed by branches,  
Marble nymphs that gaily seize  
Bunches of the crisp brown leaves.  
Summer time has passed away,  
Gentle autumn now is coming,  
Earth has donned a bright array.  
You may wander by the river,  
You may wander through the park;  
Speechless stand before the Duomo  
Snowy, chiseled, cut and marked  
In a thousand airy tracings,  
Figures, faces, twisting shafts;  
At the Baptistery doorways  
Whose closing softly wafts

\* Titian.

A thought of the great Michael :  
They, in shining bronze, were fit  
For the doors of Paradise.  
That gilt is worn off, but still lit  
With the deep words of the sculptor .  
His house not far away\*  
Reveals the home-life of the artist  
On canvas, stone. What can we say?  
For the man was learned in many arts,  
Each of which one deems great.  
Here he lived. His tiny workshop,  
Tools, pen, carvings—all relate  
To his strong life in its childhood,  
Ere the Moses of his art  
Came to life—most stern of statues,  
Grandly formed, it stands apart  
In one's thoughts from works of marble.  
Others lived here. In the square  
By the Church of Santa Croce  
Dante stands with stately air :  
On his head a wreath of laurel,  
Round his form a flowing gown.  
What a profile for a sculptor !  
Some as equal in renown  
Within Santa Croce's shadows  
Lie to dream the years away.  
Rossini, Michael, Galileo.

\* Casa Buonarotti.

Ne'er will the clear southern day  
Shine again upon their faces ;  
But our thoughts have grown more clear,  
And our hearts become the warmer  
As we see their works, or hear  
The great thoughts that were for others.  
When their forms had passed away  
To the dim, dark Santa Croce,  
Earth was given its brightest day.

## TO A WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I WONDER how many thoughts you hold  
Confided by pages torn?  
How many secrets you could unfold,  
And messages many adorn  
With words that lay between the lines,  
Flying out as the paper parted ;  
Dates and numbers, and mystic signs  
Set free by a tear, and started  
On a whirling journey round and round  
In the basket? How many a thought,  
Stately or merry, with bow or bound,  
As the mood of the writer taught ;  
Till with half-closed eyes I seem to see  
An incense rise in the air  
From all these messages set free  
By each little cut or tear :

An incense that blends in a rosy mist,  
For I'll dream all the words were kind.  
The unkind ones that have been missed  
I shall try hard never to find.

## HISTORIC LEAVES.

[GERMAN CASTLES.]

WHERE'ER there stands a ruin high  
Rearing its huge tower to the sky,  
Thick vines of ivy o'er it creep;  
Now falling in a daring leap  
From some old casement deep and barred,  
By weather, time, and long war scarred;  
Now with its leaves the sturdy plant  
Glides up the walls, all sunk and slant,  
And hides the cracks and openings wide  
With strong tough branches side by side.  
The stones between look grander still,  
Decked with the vine, as does the hill  
Which, clothed in woods of cooling green,  
And bare crags shining gray between,  
Ne'er tries the eye with all sides rough,  
And intersperses green enough  
To make it all a grand fair scene  
Of rocks and woods and treetops green.

Then let the ivy ever cling,  
Ye ruins of which poets sing!

It clings about your hoary walls,  
As do the legends of those halls  
Where knights so brave all things did dare,  
Long fought, long sought, and oft did swear

Allegiance to their prince or king.  
Of those times did the minstrels sing;  
But 'tis far best to sit and dream  
Beside a sparkling, singing stream,

And look up at a castle old  
Among the waving pine trees bold;  
And let the legends wander by,  
Up through the forest, dark and high,

While all the tales are gently sung  
By Nature's minstrel, ever young;  
While flags wave on the castle wall,  
And mysteries lurk in pine trees tall.

### MIND PICTURES.

'Tis very queer  
How plain, how clear,  
Past scenes are to the mind.  
True nature bright,

Bathed in sunlight,  
Our brains can ever find.

The water shines,  
The wave combines  
In thousand glistening hues;  
The cobble stones,  
So hard on bones,  
Even through the thickest shoes.

A shining dome,  
A morning's roam  
Through some gray, ancient street;  
A tiny shop  
Where we did stop;  
Stones touched by heroes' feet.

A shady wood  
Where statues stood,  
So slender, white and fair;  
A waving palm,  
The sea so calm,  
A winding, stony stair.

An Arab guide  
With stately stride;  
A donkey's jingling chain;  
A Bedouin wild  
Who gaily smiled;  
An ancient ruined fane.



The purple isles,  
The misty miles,  
The ruins white as snow;  
A carrier strong,  
A careless song;  
Then how the winds did blow!

A fountain old,  
A story told,  
The Danube's yellow stream;  
A picture fine,  
A mystic sign,  
The sea's rough, sullen gleam.

The mist and smoke,  
A passing joke,  
The fresh green English fields.  
A last farewell,  
A tinkling bell;  
The sea my pencil wields.

A clear bright morn,  
A star forlorn,  
The rippling wave and foam;  
Fire Island Light,  
A glorious sight;  
America, my home.

## SWANNANOA.

[Near Ashville, N. C.]

FIERY glows the Southern sunset,  
Black the distant range, outlined  
On the day's most beauteous story  
By night's waving heights defined ;  
Up and upward, sinking, rising  
Till Mount Pisgah's tree-decked throne  
Culminates the ebon background,  
Where the sun sets wild and lone.

Nearer, nearer, as the distant  
Peaks are darkened, in the light  
Round hills autumn-decked are shining,  
As some glorious jewel might ;  
Red oak, spots of blazing crimson,  
Maple, gold and rich among  
Browner leaves, or where a huge pine  
Cool green, near the light is flung.

Swannanoa, winding, silent,  
At our feet, among the wood,  
On where shallow stretches ripple,  
And the black-skinned fisher stood.  
Swannanoa, Swannanoa,  
Sliding, gliding through the hills ;  
Underneath the horses treading,  
How each hoof-beat splashes, trills

At the deep and shady fording,  
Close beside a farm-house gray,  
Bare and leaning, chimney crumbling,  
Standing there as if to say,  
“ Wind on river in your steep banks,  
Laugh on, I must leave you soon,  
For your life is always morning,  
Mine has lingered long past noon.

“ Mine is fading, as the boarding  
Of my shaking walls and roof,  
Man will soon with caution leave me,  
Nature will not stand aloof.  
So, as long as my head rises  
O'er your moving, singing way,  
Will you greet me at the dawning  
Of each long and dreamy day?”

“ Greet you!” trilled the singing river,  
“ 'Tis my place in life to greet  
Every friend, and every stranger  
On my way I chance to meet.  
For the earth's deep beauties ever  
Mirrored are within my eyes,  
Grace and joyousness of Nature  
That in my heart never dies.

“ Soft the winds that tell of mountains,  
Sweet to me leaves floating by,

And the field-flowers looking downward  
At my image of the sky.  
Every singer's song is tender,  
Sinking deep into my ear,  
I shall greet thee then as ever,  
True is Nature, do not fear.'

### ATTIC FANCIES.

SLOWLY the headlands rear above the waves,  
Softly the storied sea the deep hull laves,  
Slender, on hills red-white, in lasting peace  
Stand your fair ruins, ever charming Greece,  
Oh! the first marble temple that we saw,  
Wrapped round in ancient, all-pervading awe;  
Then rose the city of the Attic plain,  
And all its history was lived again:  
Lives, lives of past war ages, how they flocked  
Upon that sunny plain, when Fancy knocked  
At stern Reality's fast-crumbling door,  
Where cold, clear facts can never enter more.  
Drop your anchor in the round, deep-sheltered bay  
"The Piræus," port of Athens of to-day,  
Then take the road that still leads to the town,  
Between the sites of twin-walls crumbled down  
That joined the fortress city to the bay.  
How many, many feet have trod the way!

How many hearts, upon the plain  
Have throbb'd and sobb'd, nor liv'd their lives in vain.  
Though modern Athens is but young and small,  
There lie ruins under many a fresh stone wall.  
Tower of the Winds, and market, ye have told  
Tales that long were buried in the hidden fold,  
The many centuries' growth of earth and wall,  
But in Greece the new, before the old, must fall.

There you stand within your violet hill-crown,  
Acropolis, on ruins looking down,  
Where theaters and temples round your base  
Cling close to the vast, towering hill's face,  
Made stronger by a thick, high Turkish wall,  
Built from fragments of the Parthenon's sad fall;  
Nor can time, nor enemy destroy the rest.  
In Athena's home much lingers, to the west,  
All that double row of columns on the front.  
The middle walls and pillars bore the brunt  
Of explosives stored by careless Turkish hands,  
Lit by bombs from Venice's besieging bands.  
The Parthenon! The Parthenon! A mad,  
Unreasoning fury comes, a dreaming sad  
Of what you once were, what you still might be,  
If only Greece from Turks had e'er been free;  
Stately, though broken; beauteous, though half-rent;  
Wondrous in strength and power, never spent.  
No man could look upon your glorious face

And, looking, say you needed one more grace.  
And turning round, another temple fair,  
But slender, smaller, with Ionic air,  
The tomb of Erectheon joyous stands,  
As if to lead the soul to fairer lands ;  
'Twere hard to find on earth a brighter plain,  
A bluer sea, or more aspiring fane.  
By the Propylæa, columned, massive gate,  
Is the temple where an old man once did wait  
For white or black sails, winging home from Crete,  
Where Theseus and the Minotaur did meet.  
Black sails Ægæus saw : his son was dead !  
The cliff below was soon his dying bed.  
He leaped the parapet : forgetfulness  
To change the sails : for Athens, one man less.  
The " Wingless Victory " temple to the sea  
Looks ever, wondering how old is he,  
For in blue and shining radiance he lay  
From her first remembrance unto this new day.

The unfruitful sea ! What traces you do wear  
Of all life's varied happenings you bear  
Across your waves ? No message can we trace  
Upon your vast and ever-changing face.  
A tiny piece of land holds all the story.  
You toss your weather-beaten, long locks hoary ;  
Perhaps you tell it all in unknown tongue.  
Each wave that on the hard sand beach is flung

May be a chapter from an epic, wrought  
By all the battles on the wide sea fought,  
And every wave that gently slips along  
In summertide may murmur a sweet song  
Of galleys decked in purple and rich gold,  
The splendor of the Greeks and Romans old.  
Yet we can grasp the story of the land;  
It slips not ever from our questioning hand—  
'Tis not the same wave, but the self-same stone  
That wears upon it each past century's tone.

### SUNRISE OFF CONSTANTINOPLE.

DAWN was shimmering on the broad wave,  
Day was breaking o'er the sea,  
That Marmora's isles with light did lave,  
And forced gray mists to flee.

The Asian headlands far off rose;  
Now up above the foam  
Of Bosphorus, there radiant glows  
Each shining snowy dome,

Each minaret-point of sparkling gold  
'Mid gardens green and fair,  
That all the wealth of tints enfold  
In shades deep, warm and rare.

A stairway grand on either bank  
Of the winding Golden Horn—  
Palaces, mosques high, rank on rank,  
Jewels that might adorn

A way leading up to Allah's throne  
From emerald wave to turquoise crest,  
Each step a shining, snowy stone,  
Which no earthly feet have pressed;

Set deep in lapis-lazuli green,  
The glancing sky tint of sparkling beryl,  
'Mid alabaster's transparent sheen,  
And the tear-drop clouds of misty pearl.

O, Constantinople, the shrine of the East,  
Mirrored fair in the shimmering sea,  
All breathless we bow at this rich color feast  
Too softly enchanting to be.

## ALEXANDRIA.

[EGYPT.]

Out of the sea there rises  
A stretch of yellow sand—  
One of those swift surprises,  
The first faint sight of land.  
No mountains towering upward,  
No cliffs bleak on the shore,  
But only a desert landward



And the delta's field-decked floor;  
Only a modern city  
Despoiled of its ancient fame,  
Once the seat of brave and witty,  
In far lands full great in name.  
Built in a sunny corner  
Where sea, desert and delta meet,  
All the wealth of the Nile to adorn her,  
Was laid at her proud white feet.  
To Ptolemy first, scholars seeking,  
Sailed to that long unknown shore  
Where, in Egypt, Greek rulers were speaking,  
Who had opened the land's long-closed door.  
From all countries the kings sought to borrow  
Much valued, historical pages,  
Which to the world's infinite sorrow  
Are lost to enquiring ages.  
The greatest books Ptolemy treasured,  
To the owners sent copies well-penned,  
With a sum of gold, carefully measured,  
That complaints they might never dare send.  
Its volumes by thousands were numbered,  
With worth far too great to be known.  
When eleven Greek Ptolemies slumbered  
To a wonder world-wide it had grown.  
  
Cleopatra, not the least of your mad wiles  
In result, came to pass, on that day

When Cæsar, urged on by your false smiles,  
Burned your brother's armed fleet in the bay.  
'Twas war time: the red galleys floated  
To the shore, the hot fire soon spread—  
All was lost of the library noted,  
On the world's riches fast the flames fed.  
From your granaries you squandered the corn-wealth;  
From your people you taxed the last breath,  
Not for buildings, for army, for truth, health,  
But a song and a dance to the death.  
'Tis not your mad life that I most mourn,  
Nor the heroes whose cards you did play,  
But peasants, poor, half-clothed, forlorn,  
And armies you turned in a day.  
The face of the conflict you oft changed,  
\*In Asia, in Rome, and in Greece,  
Your influence o'er the wide seas ranged,  
In the end, only death brought you peace.

We wander through narrow, bright highways—  
They say 'tis Mahomet's birthday—  
Down crowded and noisy, dark byways,  
Hung with lamps, flags and broad awnings gay;  
In the midst, Pompey's Pillar, the only  
Tall monument left on the sand:  
Thoughtless present, and gray past so lonely  
Mingling close, at the gates of the land.

## NATURE'S SONG.

EACH life is but a tone

In Nature's perfect song.

We each can do alone

Our part in the great throng;

Alone, but in the song so great

A place it well must hold,

Adding one more tone to create

A melody of gold.

Each life adds something more

To Nature's endless tune,

A thought, a word, to pour

In joyous notes, that soon

Swell louder as the nations grow

In heart, in mind, in soul,

Rising to high notes from the low,

To make the perfect whole.

H 64-84!













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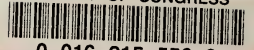


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